

THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 49—February 21, 1920

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Three-halfpence—Every Friday

Have You Seen
My Magazine?

THRILLING RIDE OF FLYING EXPLORERS

STARVATION QUEUE IN VIENNA

Pitiful Scene in the Fallen Capital

WAITING ALL NIGHT FOR A PAIR OF BOOTS

By Our Special Correspondent in Vienna

This afternoon, in a street appropriately named the Deep Ditch, I saw a queue of men and women and children.

It was the Boot Queue, already lined up to wait for a distribution of boots to-morrow morning. About nine o'clock it began to snow, and I went along to the Deep Ditch just now—eleven o'clock—to see if that wretched, patient queue was still there.

Alas, it was still there—old women in shawls, old men in threadbare overcoats, girls and boys shivering with cold. Some of them sat on wooden boxes, some sat on a projecting stone ledge, and some of them stood in the slush. It was dark, and I could not see their faces well; but I recognised the face of one old woman who had been there when I passed at four in the afternoon.

All Night in the Cold

There, in the dark and in the slush, they will sit and squat and stand all night in the hope of getting a pair of boots in the morning for £7 10s. The lucky ones will get pairs of boots, the unlucky ones—cold, wet, hungry, and disappointed—will toil back to their bare, cold homes, and will perhaps spend ten shillings of their savings in getting a breakfast. What courage it must require to wait through the cold, dark night for hours and hours and hours!

As I lie comfortable in bed tonight I shall think of them, and picture them, and imagine myself one of them; and perhaps, if I waken in time, I shall go down to the Deep Ditch and give something to those who fail to get shoes. As I watched the poor people I grew ashamed of my good boots and my warm coat.

Cheap Boots at £7 10s.

Most of those waiting belong to the working class; but some looked like clerks and educated people who had known better days. I used to wonder at the patience of the food and the theatre queues in London; but I never heard of anybody in London waiting all night for a pair of boots or a glass of milk. I am afraid that in London, before things came to such a pass, the poor would break into the shops, but the Viennese poor are wonderfully resigned and patient, and they are still buoyed up by the hope that England and the Great Powers will rescue them from their misery.

Of course, there must be something wrong with the method of distribution of the boots when poor people have to wait all night in the hope of getting a pair, but the boots are not among the "love-

Girl Who Caught a Rattlesnake



This little lady, daughter of the Director of the New York Zoo, has lately caught this fox and a dangerous rattlesnake, which she has presented to the Zoo

gifts from England"; they are simply a supply of cheap boots—for boots at £7 10s. are a great bargain, good boots usually costing £50 or £70—and are to be sold to the first comers.

Now, would not the happy, well-fed, well-clad children who read the Children's Newspaper like to send some boots, old or new, to the poor children of Vienna? I think they would, for it would give them happy memories to help to relieve the sufferings of these poor Viennese.

All the people here think of England as a wonderful country where people have plenty of boots and butter—a land flowing with milk and honey, and in spite of the war they still love England, and put all their hope in her charity.

We are sure the warm hearts of our readers will be moved by the sad condition of the women and children of Vienna, and we shall be glad to make arrangements to send on any help that reaches us. What is wanted urgently is warm clothing, clean and ready to wear, and it should be separated into women's and children's parcels. Sewing

baskets containing needles, cotton, wool, buttons, and any mending materials, are specially acceptable.

Every parcel should be carefully packed, bearing on the outside the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed: Children's Newspaper Appeal, c/o Miss Braithwaite, Friends' Relief Committee, 11, St. Bride's Street, London, E.C. 4; or else: Children's Newspaper Appeal, c/o Mr. R. C. Price, Save the Children Fund, McLean Buildings, New Street Square, London, E.C. 4.

Parcels sent to either of these addresses will be despatched to Vienna within a week of their receipt, and our correspondent in Vienna, Dr. Macfie, will see that they are well distributed.

The Editor appeals to the great multitude of happy people who read this paper to remember Vienna. A little help in time may save much life and bring much happiness in place of sorrow and starvation. The war has brought us victory; let us hope it has not destroyed our compassion.

HANGING OVER AN ICE-PIT

Remarkable Adventure

BY THE MAN WHO IS GOING TO THE SOUTH POLE

Another expedition is going to the South Pole in June. This time the trip across the Polar continent is to be by aeroplane, after the Terra Nova reaches the great white land. Mr. John L. Cope, who was with Sir Ernest Shackleton as surgeon and botanist, is to be leader.

He is a brave man to try again, after his previous dangers and suffering. While he was marooned on the coast of the Ross Sea he fell into an ice crevasse, and this is how he describes it.

By John L. Cope

Suddenly I felt the snow give beneath my feet, and fell headlong. Happily for me my comrades, who were behind, saw me disappear, and promptly started to pull on the sledge ropes. These held, and I found myself suspended over a bottomless pit.

I dangled helpless. About ten feet below my feet the opening suddenly widened until I could not see the sides of the crevasse. Huge columns of ice were sticking out. I tried to look down; but below me, as far as I could see, there was nothing but ice and darkness. Now and again the roar of ice falling down the sides of the crevasse reached me, sounding like distant thunder.

After what seemed hours of waiting, I heard a voice calling me from above, and looking up saw the face of one of the men of my party. "Are you all right?" he asked, peering over the edge of the crevasse. "Yes," I replied, "but I cannot get up, I'm hung here." "Hang on, then," he shouted to me, "we'll make a rope ladder."

Climb Up a Rope

While I was thus suspended my mitts fell from my hands, and very soon I was half frozen. I watched the mitts falling, glancing off columns of ice, till they disappeared from sight. At last the ladder was lowered to me, but my hands were so frozen that I could feel nothing.

I swung about till my feet touched the rope, and I caught hold of it. But my sense of touch was gone, and I had to look to see if I was clutching the rope before I dared trust myself to start climbing. Swinging backwards and forwards, I climbed higher and higher, and, as I neared the top, the harness which had held me up fell from my shoulders.

If I slipped, nothing could save me from being dashed to pieces on the ice. I shouted to the men asking them to lower the harness to reach me. They lowered the loop of my harness till I was able to push my legs through it, and, half sitting in this and gripping the rope ladder, I was hauled on the icefield again. I had been hanging over that bottomless pit for three and a half hours.

THE DOG AS A FRIEND

MANY TRUE TALES FROM OUR READERS

Unselfish Companion of Pussy on the Hearth

DUMB MAN'S DUMB FRIEND

A Nuneaton reader sends this fine story:

My father had a brother who was deaf and dumb, and a carpenter by trade. He also had a collie dog who was very much attached to my uncle. The workshop was some little distance away.

Whenever the siren blew for dinner-time the dog would run off to the workshop, push the door open with its paws, and jump up at my uncle until he came home for dinner. We noticed particularly that, wherever the dog happened to be off, he would run to the workshop when the siren blew.

A DOG'S FRIENDSHIP

A Golder's Green girl writes:

When our dog Billy is very hungry he goes into the kitchen where his food is, and begins to move his plate towards the door.

During the holidays I took him out every day. After I had to go back to school mother missed him, and when she went upstairs she found him sitting by my bed with his head on it.

Evidently he missed me, for when he saw mother he gave a deep sigh.

DOG AND A DUCK

A Bristol boy tells of friendliness between ducks and a dog.

At Burnham-on-Sea we kept Indian runner ducks. They were singled out from the other birds by their great boldness and intelligence.

When they were only about three inches high they would run all over our great collie, Carlo.

Pluto, one of the drakes, was my playmate. He was very handsome. He knew his name, and if I called him would hurry to meet me. When I pretended to be frightened and ran away, he would run after me.

He would chase Carlo, nibble at his hind legs, and pull his tail, and then the dog would roll him over with his nose. But in all these things they were the best of friends.

TIP'S TOY

A Westmorland boy writes:

When our Tip was a pup he took a great fancy to a Teddy-bear with a squeaker inside it, and claimed it for his own. He would not go to bed without it. If he heard the squeaker he would come to see who had got his Teddy.

TALK THE DOG KNOWS

A Tynemouth young lady sends some illustrations of the intelligence of her dog Jack.

We have an old grandfather's clock which needs winding every night. As soon as father gets up and moves towards the clock Jack goes and stands beside the door leading to the corner where he spends the night.

Only this morning I was out with him on the rocks when I noticed the tide coming in apace, and said to him, "I think we'd better turn back, Jack." Instantly he "right-about-faced."

Reading your animal stories, I said to mother, "I will write to the C.N. about Jack," and at once I felt a cold nose thrust into my hand.

A DOG THAT TAKES NOTICE

A girl reader near Croydon sends this story, showing observation on the part of animals.

Our Pom Betty is an excellent rat-catcher. Whenever she smells a rat in the yard she barks at the door till someone goes out and helps her in the hunt.

Whenever we go out for a walk she always wants to go as well. The other day I put on some thick boots before going for a walk, as it was wet and muddy. I went into the room where Betty was lying on a chair apparently half asleep, but the moment she looked

at me she jumped down, ran to where her lead and collar were hanging, and began to jump about and whine, asking to have them put on.

Yet she had had no sign whatever of anything unusual. So she must have noticed that I had put on my boots, though she did not see me do it.

DAVID AND JONATHAN

A Stourbridge reader comments on a dog's unselfishness.

Our cat Kitty has a habit of sleeping on the back of our collie Gyp. If Gyp hears her crying he will soothe her by licking her. He will not touch her food until she has finished, but willingly lets her share his own.

WHAT BILL UNDERSTANDS

A Wolverhampton reader describes "our dog Bill" as expert in ways common to many observant dogs.

Bill understands many words, such as cake, cats, and walk. At tea he sleeps in a basket under the table till someone mentions cake, and then he comes out for a bit.

He follows us upstairs when we go to bed, and stays there till we say "Good-night, Bill," when he goes down.

If you ask him if he would like to go for a walk, he holds his head on one side to show he understands.

Once he was lost in the fair-ground, and when we returned in about ten minutes he was standing waiting at exactly the place where we lost him, looking most dejected.

THE MESSENGER

A Groombridge lassie gives an account of her dog's ideas of duty:

Every morning when I put on my coat and hat to go to school, our Irish terrier, Tiger, follows me to the door, and waits there till I pick up the morning newspaper and give it him to carry in to Daddie.

If it has not come I have to give him an old one. If I offer him a small paper book he will not take it. He seems to know it is not the right one.

When he meets a postman he barks, and will not leave him until he receives a letter or something to carry home.

DOG THAT KNOWS THE TIME

An Argyllshire correspondent sends an instance of a dog's knowledge of the time.

In this neighbourhood is a dog specially attached to his master, who works on shifts ending at varying hours, sometimes at seven in the morning and sometimes at ten at night.

The dog goes out with the greatest punctuality to meet him as he leaves his work. He measures the march of time as well as any human being.

DOG DEFENDS HIS MISTRESS

A Southampton girl tells how she was defended by her dog.

One day, when I was attending a picnic, I was in danger of being killed. I was going to a little stream along a narrow lane when two great horses came galloping towards me.

My dog Spot ran forward and barked to such an extent that they were frightened and turned aside, or I should almost certainly have been killed.

THE DOG AS A GENTLEMAN

A Sussex correspondent describes the unselfish friendship of a dog.

With it lives a cat which he never attempts to touch. When the cat has a bone with some meat left on it the dog will stand by watching till all the meat is eaten, but will make no movement till the meat is finished, when he will take the bone as his share.

A FAMOUS SONG

The music of the popular song *Roses of Picardy* was written under a dim street lamp in London. The melody came to the composer, Mr. Haydn Wood, while he was riding on a bus, and he at once got off and jotted the refrain down on an old envelope.

THE SILENT LADY

An old lady has lately died in a Devonshire village who had not spoken to anyone except her doctor and her landlady since her husband died, 18 years ago.

HEAVENLY TWINS

But Millions of Miles Apart

CLUSTER OF SUNS IN THE SKY

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

There are two very bright and singular stars that must have attracted the attention of many of our readers. They are high up—almost overhead as we look towards the south. These are the two famous stars of the Twins, Castor and Pollux, and they were described in detail in our issue of May 10 last year.

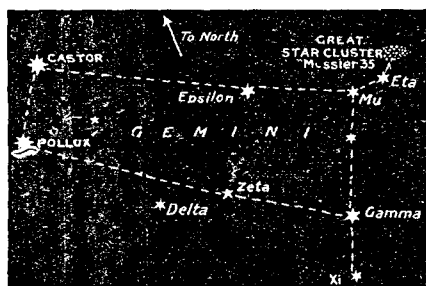
They were then descending towards the west, with Jupiter in front of them; now we find them rising from the north-east, with Jupiter behind them, he having travelled about a sixteenth part of his orbit in nine months.

These two stars only appear to be companions; in reality Castor, the northern one, is much nearer to us than it is to Pollux, for his light takes but 16 years to reach us, whereas light takes 58 years to come from Pollux.

Double Solar System

Castor is by far the more interesting star, for a comparatively small telescope shows it to be composed of two great suns of about equal brightness, and astronomers have found that they revolve once in about 347 years. Each has a great fiery planet revolving round it, so we have here a sort of double solar system, with doubtless many smaller planets, like the Earth or Mars, also revolving round.

We cannot see them: we could not see our Earth, even with the most powerful telescope, if it were as far off as Castor, which is about 800,000 times as far away as our Sun.



Where to look for Gemini

Now, the name Gemini, meaning the Twins, is applied to the rich collection of stars between Castor and Pollux and Orion, the chief of which are shown in our star map.

It will be seen that they form a very distinctive pattern, like a long box, and are easily identified.

But the chief object of interest in Gemini is only just visible to the naked eye; it is the wonderful cluster of innumerable stars known as Messier 35.

It will be easily found, with the aid of our star map, to the north-west of the star Eta. We should look for it early next week, when the Moon is low in the west; after that we shall have to wait a week or two till the sky is quite dark and moonless. A faint patch of light, much smaller than the apparent size of the Moon, will be seen, but magnifying glasses will make it more distinct.

Great Universe of Suns

What we are gazing at is practically a universe of suns, many thousands of light years distant; indeed, they are beyond the limits of direct measurement, so we can realise how colossal is the space between us and what appears but a film of light.

These great suns are seen in a powerful telescope as countless points of light; some are different in colour, and are, therefore, probably of different ages. Though tremendous distances intervene between each, they are clearly connected by the invisible force of gravitation, because we see them arranged, many of them, in curves and festoons.

For all we know, the glorious array of bright stars above us may constitute a grand whole, definitely linked together in some form or shape which we can only infer because we happen to be in the middle of it.

G. F. M.

LONDONETTES

By Our Country Girl in Town

It was Sunday night. Down the West End street went a workman and his wife, prosperously dressed.

They came upon a square of light from an open doorway, guarded by a tall man in livery. A luxurious car stopped, and two girls in evening dress, with two vulgar young men, passed through the crystal hall to the night club.

"That's how the upper classes spend Sunday!" exclaimed the artisan bitterly.

Farther on more uniformed attendants were idling up and down in the glare of a kinema, while a queue waited for the doors to open.

"And that's how the lower classes spend their Sunday!" said the woman.

Well, it would have been easy to condemn the whole of London because you had seen four people enter a night club and thirty waiting to see a vulgar film, if you had not been to church that day.

The huge church was packed, and rows of people were standing down the aisles to hear the lovely music and the news of Galilee. Goodness is not so striking as foolishness, but if you look for it it is seldom far away.

The Nightmare

THE Tube conductors seem to specialise in asking helpless and harried passengers, struggling to get past strap-hangers, if the said passengers are asleep.

This morning everyone was glad to see such a woman stop, look at the man, and say in a quiet voice,

"Yes, I must be asleep, and you come as a nightmare."

It is said that coloured evening suits for men are to be fashionable, and the Children's Newspaper has shown us that there is a fashion in armadillos as pets; but when is common courtesy coming into fashion? When the Children's Newspaper readers grow up, I suppose.

After Dark

ALL kinds of strange people prowl about London after dark; and all sorts of queer characters wander alone in the lamplight, some talking to themselves, some looking like lunatics, some like anarchists, some like poets, when the business people have taken their buses home and the theatre goers are in bed.

But of all the strange people who wander about when only the trees and the area cats are left awake, the very strangest is an old gentleman sometimes seen not far from Bond Street.

He walks with downcast eyes and puckered brow, meditating as though he were pacing his study. Something balances on his shoulder, something with a long tail. When he steps into a patch of lamplight you see what it is, and it is a large macaw. The bird, too, appears to be deep in thought.

What are they thinking of?—Einstein's theory, or the millennium, or the noise and throng that a few hours will bring to this dreamy, silent town?

A Warning for Us

A LONG line of middle-aged, shabby, sad-faced women were waiting in the hall. Inside, a friend of mine was interviewing one of these poor gentlewomen, looking for work.

One, almost faint from waiting, and perhaps from want of food, heaved a deep sigh and said to her next in the line:

"Oh, why didn't I buy an annuity when I had a bit of money?"

The other munched with her lips for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Why didn't my father train me to earn?"

MOTHER OF THE C.N.**And the Tales She Tells This Month**

My Magazine, the mother of the Children's Newspaper, is out again in a bright new dress for March, and for glorious pictures, splendid stories, and thrilling chapters of knowledge there is nothing like it on the bookstalls. It lies side by side with the Children's Newspaper everywhere, and we give below a list of some of the things My Magazine contains.

THE OLD MAN IN A TINY WORLD

The wonderful story of Henri Fabre and his little friends

NIGHT AND ITS WONDERFUL LAMP

What we know of the moon

THE LULLABIES OF EUGENE FIELD

Beautifully illustrated in colours

TIME AND SPACE

What do they mean?

MAKING THINGS FAST

Sixty kinds of knots and ties

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GALILEE

The sweetest sound that ever fell upon our island home

THE 700-YEAR-OLD GLORY OF CANTERBURY

Pictures of the great cathedral

THE TRAIL OF A LIE

A short story by Harold Begbie

THE DONKEY BOY WHO ENRICHED THE NATION

Chantrey and his art gallery

A LITTLE TALE IN FRENCH

With its English translation

THE HALF-SHUT DOOR

A complete illustrated story

PLAYBOX

With stories and pictures.

WHAT THE WORLD IS MADE OF

The stuff of our great round globe

WHY THINGS ARE DONE

WEALTH WE GET FROM WASTE

PUZZLES OF THE WIZARD KING

There is still a day or two for those who are trying for the £10 grant offered for the best coloured copy of My Magazine cover. They should be sent in by February 25, as stated last week.

JOHN MACKINTOSH**A Friend of the Children**

Thousands of children and thousands of friends of children will be sad to know that Mr. Mackintosh is dead.

He was a good and generous man, the friend of many splendid causes, and he loved this paper and the magazine from which it sprang. In thirty years he built up a great business, employing nearly a thousand people, in Halifax, making and packing the famous toffee Tommy loved in the trenches and everybody likes at home.

When he and his wife first made the toffee at their little house, they used to offer it free at a certain time every Saturday, and the rush for the free packets made the toffee known.

Mr. Mackintosh, who died while sitting at his wife's bedside, was not old, but his long life of public service had made him warm friends everywhere, and among the hundreds who followed him to his grave were representatives of more than twenty organisations. It was a great tribute to a splendid man.

WHY THINGS ARE DEAR

A mid-week football match in Sunderland was so largely attended by workers that industry was paralysed, and it is reckoned £100,000 was lost. Such delays to production keep up the rate of exchange and make things dear.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

An Aberdeen Angus bull	£3000
A Shire colt	£2416
An old English snuffbox	£357
A sampler of Charles I.'s time	£86

FALLING SOVEREIGN**Danger to Foreign Missions****WORLD-WIDE WORK OF CIVILISATION**

It is beyond the power of the human mind to calculate the blessings that have been spread throughout the whole world by the Christian Missionary Societies.

They have softened the spread of civilisation everywhere, and with infinite patience have taught to backward races the tender and lovely truths on which the final hopes of all mankind rest. But all the missionary societies are in a state of danger never known before—a danger quite unexpected.

Owing to the terrible waste of war and the stoppage of much of the world's productive work, money is worth far less than it was worth before. People who had saved enough to keep them from poverty in their old age are now poor, because their money has lost part of its value, while everything they buy is more than twice as dear as it was.

A Fortune Beyond Recall

It is just the same with the missions. Any money they had has decreased in value, especially in some of the countries where the missionaries are working.

But, besides that, all expenses have greatly increased. The missionaries cannot live on their former salaries. Traveling is far dearer than before. Everything bought is dearer. If the people who have made money out of the war do not give generously some of the missions will come to a standstill, and fail.

The Church Missionary Society, for instance, needs £275,000 more this year than last year if it is to keep up its present work. And out of this sum £167,000 is loss on exchange, due to the lowered value of money, and not to increased expense. It is a loss that could not possibly be avoided by the mission, and, unlike trading concerns, missionary societies cannot recover such losses.

All the other societies are in the same difficulty. It is a danger that should appeal strongly to all thoughtful people who value the spread of Christianity.

POOR BOY'S RISE**From the Door-Step to the Mayor's Chair**

The town of Newport, in Monmouthshire, should be proud of its Mayor, Mr. Peter Wright, for several reasons.

One is that he has risen from poverty to a position of dignity, and a better reason still is that he is not ashamed of his past.

Men who rise in the world are not at all uncommon, but men who rise and never try to cover up their tracks when they were poor are much fewer in number. Mr. Peter Wright is one of this rarer sort.

It was while he was talking to a roomful of newspaper boys that he told the world his story, and he told it to encourage the boys.

Forty-five years ago, he said, he was a boy like any one of them, but so poor that he made a door-step his bed, and he could still feel in imagination the kick given him by the policeman who roused him from his sleep. When he was last in New York he drove in a car to look again at that door-step.

A fine story! But the best part of it is that Mr. Wright was man enough to tell it to those boys, and make no pretences about the way he had travelled.

WHO GOES HOME?**Policeman's Cry in Parliament.**

When the House of Commons adjourns a policeman goes through the lobbies shouting, "Who goes home?" Members know by this that business is over.

The phrase has little meaning now, but at one time it was of the utmost importance to Members of Parliament. It is a relic of the bad old days which we all hoped had gone for ever, though they seem to have returned since the war.

In the 18th century the streets and roads were very unsafe after dark. Foot-pads and highwaymen infested every district, and practised their calling with the utmost daring. Once George II. was relieved of his watch, purse, and buckles by a highwayman while walking in Kensington Gardens; and on another occasion a Prince of Wales and his brother were robbed near Berkeley Square.

So serious was the state of affairs that Members of Parliament returning from Westminster to London dared not go alone, and so parties were made up. The cry, "Who goes home?" meant that some members were ready to start, and wanted to know who was going their way.

Why the World is Poor

The Great Poverty has followed the Great War. Never has there been such a shortage of materials or such a rise in prices. Here are some of the main reasons why the world is poor:

World's war bill	£50,000,000,000
Shortage of sugar	310,000 tons
Shortage of U.S. cotton	415,000 tons
Shortage of iron	7,000,000 tons
Shortage of wheat	16,100,000 tons
Shortage of coal	107,500,000 tons

The issue of paper in place of gold causes lack of confidence, and the increased percentage of paper money has been

America	171	Italy	435
Britain	244	Germany	875
France	375	Austria	3900

The value of money in different countries jumps up and down, so that on one day £1 was worth in

New York	14s.	Rome	43s.
Paris	37s.	Berlin	280s.

This makes trade almost impossible. The cost of living has gone up *per cent.*

America	200	Italy	330
Britain	250	Germany	1000
France	330	Austria	4000

This is the world's burden of War.

NEW EYES FOR OLD WORK**Rays that Penetrate the Pictures**

Almost every week now some new application is found for the X-rays.

An Amsterdam professor has discovered that an old master, a valuable painting perhaps hundreds of years old, which has been defaced by modern work can be recognised by means of the X-rays, which pass through the modern brush, work, but show up the old colours of former years.

An X-ray photograph shows the painting as it originally was.

THE BEST GIRL IN PARIS**A Great Prize**

They have some very pretty ways in France. One is that the working girl in Paris who is adjudged to have been the most deserving during the past year is set up in business on her own account.

The amount she gets is £120. Before she receives that substantial sum the judges feel quite sure she will use it well.

Last year's proud prize-winner, Eugénie Hélène Dico'e, is a laundress, thirty years old, and for fifteen years has been a worker in the same laundry.

BAD OLD TIMES**IN ITALY****HISTORY LIKE A NIGHT-MARE****Anarchist Who Would Bring Them Back Again****WHAT JOHN EVELYN SAW**

In the lovely old city of Pisa a notorious Italian anarchist named Malatesta has been inciting his countrymen to disorder; in the famous port of Leghorn he has been arrested for sedition.

It is not for us to pass judgment on the affairs of other nations, but Great Britain is always interested in the happiness and freedom of Italy, which Malatesta and such men would destroy. We helped Italy to break the bonds which bound her in innumerable rival camps, kingdoms, republics, duchies, and what-not—some scores of them, all with separate courts, armies, officials preying on the resources of the starving and ignorant people.

Towns that Bought Each Other

The sober annals of Pisa, Leghorn, and other Italian centres read like history written by a madman. Pisa, as a republic, fought not only enemies overseas but Rome and Florence and Venice, Sardinia and Sicily.

Genoa was annihilated as a port mainly by the creation of Leghorn. Towns not only fought each other; they bought each other as in England a farmer buys land and its cattle. Leghorn was owned by Genoa, and Florence bought Leghorn from the native city of Columbus as if it had been a private building.

And how did they live in these Italian cities when foreigners ruled them? How did they live in Leghorn, for example? We have a very memorable picture of life in Leghorn as it was less than 300 years ago, for our great diarist, John Evelyn, was there.

Scene in a Market

In the market-place he witnessed such a concourse as amazed him: "Slaves, Turks, Moors, and other nations; buying, selling, drinking, gambling, sleeping, fighting, singing, weeping; all nearly naked and miserably chained."

In the centre of the square was a tent where any idle, desperate man could stake his liberty against the dice. If he won he gained a few coins; if he lost he became a slave, and was manacled and led away to serve in bondage. Many men would try their fortune at this appalling gamble, some as the result of drink, some from mere bravado, others because life seemed to hold no other prospect of relief.

Italy the Great

That was the Leghorn of other days. Those are the conditions which had to be swept away before Italy could become a nation again, and the people who ceased to buy and sell each other, and ceased to buy up towns with all the human beings in them, have risen from ages of oppression to an honoured place in the world.

Those great patriots Cavour, Mazzini, and Garibaldi banished assassination and anarchy last century, and with their disappearance Italy began to grow great and honoured. Malatesta would carry her back to the days of assassination and anarchy, and bring her to destruction.

FUTURE ADMIRALS TO CLEAN DECKS

The United States has decided that all naval cadets are to spend one year cruising as ordinary seamen, swabbing decks, cleaning brass, and doing the ordinary work of the ship.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Assiut	Ash-ee-oot
Cairo	Ki-ro
Gemini	Jem-in-ee
Heliopolis	Hee-lee-op-o-lis
Messier	Mess-ee-yeh
Montaigne	Mon-tane

First Men to See Africa from the Sky

THE FLIGHT FROM CAIRO TO THE CAPE

Flying Explorers who will Ride over Swamps and Forests and Jungles and Cannibals

SPLENDID PEACE TRIP OF AN AEROPLANE MADE FOR WAR

SOMEWHERE in the air, at this moment, perhaps, a great bird is flying, a bird far excelling that fabulous creature, the roc of the "Arabian Nights," with its flesh and blood and giant wings; a man-made bird, with the power of 700 horses. It is flying the whole length of Africa.

Our bird is a Vickers-Vimy aeroplane, and "housed upon this sightless courier of the air" are five Britons, two of them dashing pilots with their war-laughs unfaded; one of them a mechanic from the battle-planes, another an expert rigger, to see to the mechanism of the plane. The fifth is a man of 56, a man of peace renowned in natural science, Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, distinguished in many spheres, and secretary of the London Zoo.

The Terrible Continent

A gallant company they are, seeking to achieve that which has baffled mankind from the dawn of human endeavour—swiftly to traverse the Dark Continent from end to end, this Dark Continent which from all recorded time has devoured its explorers, slaughtered pioneers and missionaries, exterminated tribes and nations, built up and thrown down civilisations. Now these men ride above and over it all, from end to end, seeing such sights in rapid succession as no other living men ever saw in a lifetime.

They are seeing the continent actually as a poet satirically described its maps:

So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er uninhabitable downs
Place elephants in place of towns.

Down Among Lions?

That is just the bird's eye view the land will present to our travellers of the air, as they fly the amazing highway of their route, and drop at appointed places to replenish their stores. Yes, they must replenish their stores, for though the aeroplane can cruise at need for 1000 miles the distance from Cairo to Cape Town is over 5200 miles, and so 23 landing grounds, with stores, have been arranged in advance, with 19 emergency grounds.

Lord Northcliffe, to whom aerial flight owes more for stimulus and encouragement than to any other man in the world, has sent out this first scientific expedition of the air for the Times, and a whole year has been devoted to clearing landing-places, stocking petrol and stores, and other work. But what if African vegetation, in its luxuriance, should overgrow the stopping places, or elephants and lions and hippopotamuses should run amok among the stores, as elephants did with Livingstone's memorial in the wilds?

Over the Scenes of History

And what if the 42 landing-places should prove insufficient, and the aeroplane should come down far from any of them in forests which the sun cannot penetrate, among lions, leopards, elephants, or cannibals; or in swamps that strangle and drown; or on frozen mountain-tops?

Even these possibilities have all been counted by our scientific adven-

turers, and from Heliopolis, near Cairo, the seat of learning of the ancient Egyptians, they sail over the site of thousands of years of history into darkness and barbarism.

They sail up the Nile where once Cleopatra floated in her golden barge, with its silken sails and singing maids, to meet Mark Antony. They fly to Assiut and Assuan, where the Nile dam conserves water to make Egypt a land of smiling plenty; and, leaving the Nile at Wady Halfa, they steer to Atbara, and then on to Khartoum, where Gordon died.

Forests of Sudan

From Khartoum they cross a nightmare-land. There is the sudd of the White Nile, a dense water vegetation which, mastered by man, makes fuel for his steamers and material for his paper, but, unmastered, engulfs him like some vegetable Goodwins.

Then come the forests of the Southern Sudan, a fearful place in case of engine failure; and after that swamp and forest, forest and swamp, miles upon miles of both away to the south of Lake Tanganyika and beyond; mountains hidden in clouds and mountains with snowy domes like clouds; volcanoes discharging blasts of incandescent gas into the atmosphere; regions where lightning and thunder play like artillery battles in the air, and where rain comes down in spouts.

One of the worst areas for disturbances in the air occurs between Jebelin in the Sudan and Mongolla, some 580 miles farther south. This is a region where occur storms of the sort in which, during the recent flight to Australia, one of the aeroplanes was actually blown backwards from Bangkok to Rangoon, over 300 miles! If our explorers come down here, there is the sudd and swamps on one hand, and cannibal tribes on the other.

To the Cape

We may hope they will be free from cannibals in any case, but what the animals may do is another question. The man who traversed part of the route by motor-car was killed by an aeroplane; the men who laid one of the railways on the line of flight were held up by lions, which killed and ate over 50 men at one camp alone.

But southward ho! They skirt the Victoria Nyanza, east and south, then fly south-west through Tanganyika Territory, as we now call old German East Africa, and come down through Rhodesia to the Victoria Falls, discovered by Livingstone. Then the machine follows the railway to Bulawayo, and from Bulawayo on to Palapye in Bechuanaland, then across country to Pretoria, then, with the metals shining all the way, through Pretoria, Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, Victoria West, Beaufort West, to the goal at Cape Town.

What an itinerary! The distance is enormous, and the conditions are unparalleled in the history of flight. Can the machine keep up through all the appointed stages? Makers and pilots say Yes. If not, can life be maintained until relief comes in

Continued at foot of next column

CLOTHES

Dressing on Nothing a Year
GENERAL WHO MADE HIS
OWN BOOTS

With the threat of still further increases in the high cost of clothes, we may almost wish we could carry out a suggestion of the German General Von Lettow-Vorbeck, who commanded the hostile forces in East Africa.

Telling in the Times of the strange Robinson Crusoe kind of life to which the Germans were reduced, he mentioned that he had made his own boots while on campaign, and declared that it was very convenient for a European to be able to go out and catch an antelope and make clothes from its skin.

A good many fathers must be wishing they could catch an animal and make clothes from the skin for their boys and girls, without having to pay the tailor or the bootmaker. This is, of course, the practice in many parts of the world; and millions of people know nothing at all of tailors or hatters. When they want new clothes they simply catch an animal or a bird and use its skin, or else they plait some grass or leaves together.

As our World Map showed last week, there is scarcely any natural object, animal or vegetable, that is not used for clothing somewhere. In the cold climates the warm furs of animals, such as bears and seals, are worn; in temperate lands woollen and hair clothes are used; and in hot countries cotton and grass.

In Northern Asia many tribes use sheepskins for garments, turning the fur inside in winter, and outside in summer. Motorists in Europe have taken to leather clothes, but a hundred years ago the cowboys and ranchers and trappers of America were wearing this useful material for coats and trousers.

desert, swamp, or trackless forest, or on barren mountain-side? Resolution answers Yes.

What the Engine Can Do

The machine can rise from the ground level to the height of 10,000 feet in 48 minutes; it can fly 115 miles an hour at a low level, at 100 miles an hour at 10,000 feet, and can land at 45 miles an hour. It carries drinking water, compressed food, 45 gallons of oil for lubricating, 25 gallons of water for radiators, spare parts for breakages, rifles and ammunition, cameras, apparatus for preserving natural history specimens, the latest scientific instruments, and a delightful closed cabin accommodates the crew.

Built to bomb a hostile country, the aeroplane is converted to the peaceful conquest of a continent, and through-out its journey, if it keeps to its track, it will never leave British territory!

On the King's Highway

Savages may whet their swords and poison their darts, wild beasts of the jungle and forest may gnash their teeth, mosquitoes may seek to thrust home their deadly microbes; but these enemies are all on the King's highway, from end to end of Africa. It is for these dauntless men to prove whether such dangers, and a thousand more, can be overcome.

We thrill with hopeful expectation, and watch with bated breath the events of this marvellous journey. Nothing can eclipse the glory of the men who have crossed the Atlantic's airway or made the marvellous journey to Australia; but this attempt upon a land of myriad mysteries and perils beyond compare constitutes a romance as hazardous, as enthralling, as ever this wide world has known.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

POET OF THE WORLD'S
CHILDREN

Victor Hugo the Great and
Napoleon the Small

BOOKS SHAKESPEARE READ

Feb. 22. Russell Lowell born Cambridge, U.S. 1819
23. Sir Joshua Reynolds died in London. . . 1792
24. Louis Philippe King of France, abdicated 1848
25. Christopher Wren died Hampton Court 1723
26. Victor Hugo born at Besançon 1802
27. H. W. Longfellow born at Portland, Maine 1807
28. Montaigne born at Dordogne 1533

Victor Hugo

VICTOR HUGO was the man who in the nineteenth century made himself more clearly than any other man the voice of France.

The son of a general, he was in early life an admirer of Napoleon, but later he became a Republican, and so castigated Napoleon the Third as Napoleon the Small that the sham emperor drove him from France, and he lived for many years under the shelter of the British flag in the Channel Islands.

When France became Republican, Victor Hugo returned, and took some part in public life, while Napoleon the Small came to live in his stead under the shelter of our British flag!

But Hugo was more at home in the stormy days when he was driven from home than when he was back in France.

He wrote opera, drama, romantic historical novels, and stories of the lives of the poor, but in whatever he wrote he was a poet, and his best work is in his poems, which show a delicate and powerful mastery of his native tongue.

Henry Longfellow

IN the golden age of American poetry, from fifty to seventy years ago, when a galaxy of stars shone in the literary firmament—Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Whitman, Whittier, and Thoreau—the mellowest light came from Henry Wordsworth Longfellow.

He was born and trained to be a poet. From his college he was sent to Europe that he might study its books and people, and be a professor of literature.

This experience appeared in all his writings except those that were attempts to tell the early story of America in a poetical form. His "Evangeline," "Courtship of Miles Standish," and "Hiawatha," were retrospectively American. Hiawatha collected Indian legends in a narrative form. His other principal writings were echoes of European romance.

But it was not these works that made him the most popular poet of his country. It was his shorter verses, reflecting family feeling and homely sentiment, that won the hearts of the English-speaking world. He is probably the most popular poet ever known among children.

Longfellow, like all the other poets of his circle, lived to be a very old man, and was universally beloved. He died in 1882.

Michael Montaigne

MICHAEL MONTAIGNE lives for ever in the world of books as a French country gentleman, who varied an easy life by writing essays on any subject that caught his attention. He makes up a trio with Bacon and Charles Lamb.

In his early life, till he was nearing the age of forty, he was active in local government as a councillor of Bordeaux. Then he inherited the family estates, and settled down to be an observer and commentator on human life, with freedom and frankness in his opinions far beyond the general spirit of the age in which he lived.

It is this freedom of thought that preserves his essays, and secures for them a wide public of readers in every land.

He died in 1592, and there is evidence that Shakespeare, who was then 28 years old, read his essays.

WHAT THE FLYING EXPLORERS WILL SEE—AFRICA FROM END TO END

Africa has an area of 12,000,000 square miles, nearly 100 times greater than Great Britain.

Its greatest length is 5000 miles, nearly 10 times the length of the United Kingdom.

Its greatest breadth is 5000 miles, 17 times the United Kingdom.

Its population is 180,000,000, four times the population of Great Britain.

Africa has three mountains, more than four times as high as Ben Nevis, the highest British peak. They are

Kilimanjaro, 19,680 feet; Ruwenzori, 19,000 feet; and Kineia, 18,000 feet.

One third of Africa is covered by the Sahara Desert, spreading over 4,000,000 square miles. The Kalahari Desert is nearly as big as Great Britain, covering 120,000 square miles. The Great and Little Karroo Deserts cover 100,000 square miles.

The greatest river of Africa, the Nile, is 3500 miles long, 14 times as long as the longest British river, the Severn. Africa has two other rivers

10 times as long as the Severn—the Congo, 2900 miles; and the Niger, 2300 miles. The Zambesi River is 1500 miles, and the Orange River 1200.

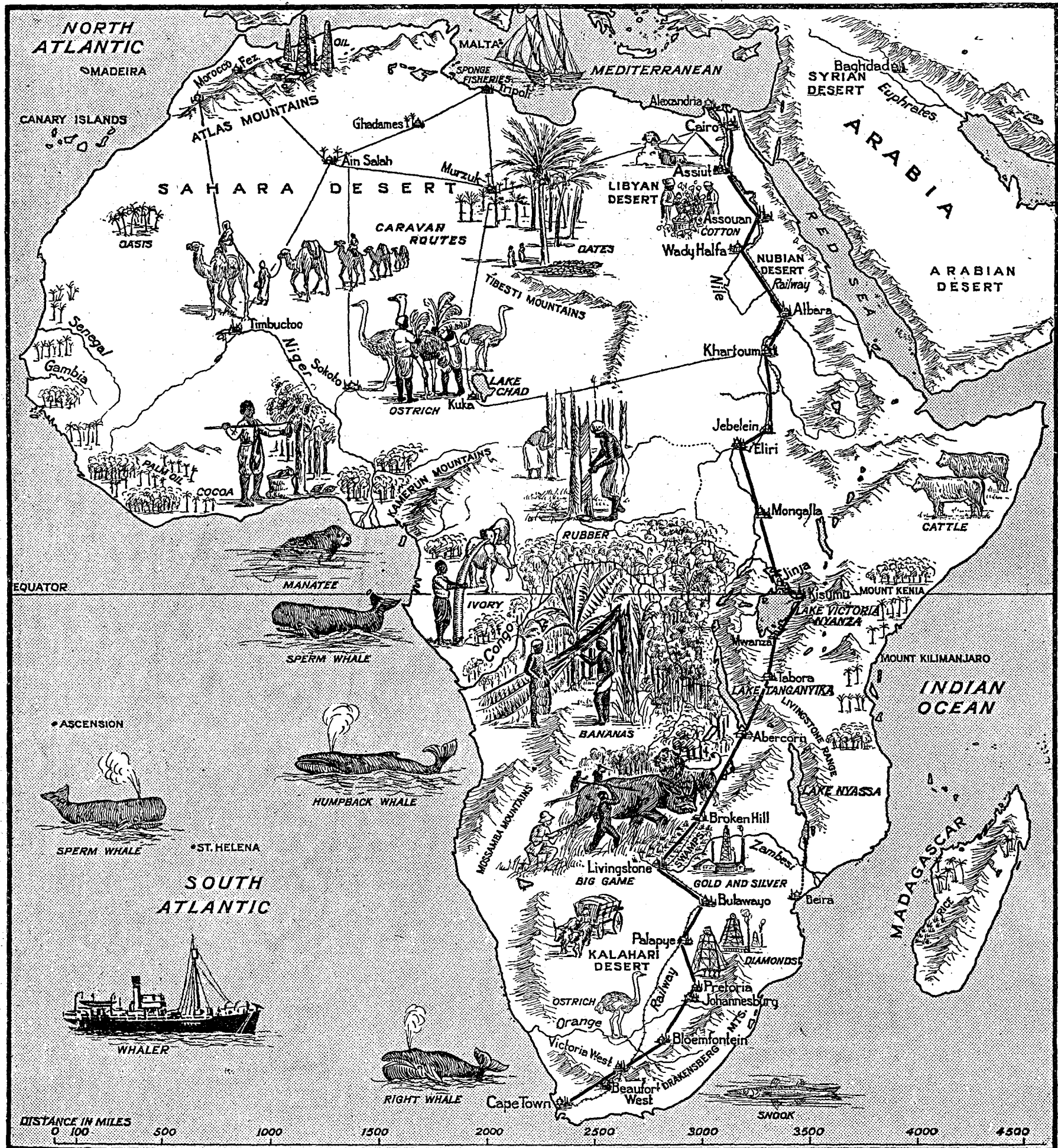
It has an enormous lake, Lake Chad, nearly half as big as Great Britain. Lake Victoria Nyanza is 30,000 square miles. Lake Tanganyika is twice as big as Wales.

Of the 12,000,000 square miles of Africa, only just over 600,000 are ruled by native peoples; all the rest is administered by European Powers.

British Africa is nearly 37 times as big as Great Britain. French Africa is 18 times the size of France. Italian Africa is six times as big as Italy, Portuguese Africa 26 times as big as Portugal, and Belgian Africa 80 times as big as Belgium.

From the jungles we get india-rubber, palm oil, and timber; from the cultivated parts coffee, cotton, sugar.

Africa's mines produce a quarter of the whole world's gold and four-fifths of the world's diamonds.



Only once within our knowledge has the journey through Africa been accomplished. Then the traveller went on foot. That was only twenty years ago, and the man who walked is still alive and young—Major Grogan. Now the explorers propose to fly the 5200 miles from Cairo to the Cape. This map shows the way of the old caravans, the way of the new railway line, and the way the flying men will go

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 21 1920

Imagination

ONCE more the scientists have stirred the imagination of the world. What could be more thrilling than the flight from end to end of Africa?

Only once a man has walked through Africa. Horses and chariots have come, but never have they carried a man from end to end of this vast continent. The railway has come, but not yet has it traversed these thousands of miles that stretch from Cairo to the Cape. Other continents men have crossed on foot by horse, by steam, and then by aeroplane, all in the order of natural evolution; but here, in Africa, after the man on foot, comes the man in the skies. So true it is that this great continent has yet to be opened up.

And so true is it, too, that Science is full of imagination, and Life is richer and more wonderful because of the things Science lets us see with Imagination's eye.

The moon, for instance, is very beautiful on a summer night, and it is amusing to imagine that a man has his residence there; but it is surely better still to know that the shadowy places on the face of the moon—the eyes, nose, and mouth of the man in the moon—are plains and the beds of dried-up seas; and that the bright places are high mountains, with the sun shining on them.

And the moon grows more interesting still when we imagine its amazing birth—how it was a blazing piece torn out of the molten earth by the tug of the sun.

That is a big thing for imagination to play with; but there are little things quite as wonderful. We read this sheet of white paper, and it seems quite dead and still; but science tells us it is made of millions of small particles, all spinning in definite orbits like the planets. Even imagination cannot quite grasp that, but it can try.

And take the earth itself, seeming so still and sedate: how wonderful it becomes when we try to imagine it spinning on its axis and at the same time rushing round the sun at eighteen miles in every second! It requires imagination to imagine such things; but it can be done.

Without imagination very little could be done in the world. We imagine every deed before we do it, and every thing before we make it; and the Creator of the World must have imagined it all before the world came to birth. Our great poet, Tennyson, looking into a stream and seeing all the little creatures swimming and wriggling there, exclaimed: "What an imagination God must have!" And perhaps we are most like God when we use our imagination to help us to understand His works.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Nation Expects

IT is greatly to be hoped that the Football Association will be patriotic enough to do something to stop the mid-week Cup Ties, which are drawing enormous crowds of men away from work. They are becoming a national danger.

It is estimated that the value of the work and wages sacrificed by midweek games this season amount already to considerably over a million pounds. What this sort of thing means is that not enough goods are made to pay our bills in America, and so the sovereign falls.

Work, not play, is the great need of the world, and the nation expects that every member of the Football Association will do his duty.

Something to be Proud of

LORD FISHER has said many things of late, and we sometimes wish he would be careful in his language. But who does not like these 18 words from a letter of his the other day?

We fought most, lost most, spent most, and got the least out of the war of any nation.

That is something we may be proud of every year we live, though we live till the Millennium comes.

A Tremendous Optimist

THERE really is hope for the future.

A high official at the Post Office declares that we are to have soon not only good humour and courtesy, but the finest telephone service on earth.

It will be wonderful to have the telephone working properly, but to have it working courteously and with good humour will make this earth like heaven. We congratulate the G.P.O. on its good intentions.

Bradford Does a Great Thing

BRADFORD has given the nation a great lead with its proposal to take care of a thousand starving children from Vienna. It is one of the most heroic decisions a town has ever come to, and if all goes well, and it is carried out, the name of Bradford will shine like the stars in the annals of humanity.

From deeds like these a nation's grandeur springs, and with such foundation-stones to stand on the League of Nations would be as firm as a rock.

Let Something Good Be Said

WHEN over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall;
instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head:

Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet
If something good be said.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Einstein

WE are sorry we cannot answer all the questions asked by those who have been studying Einstein. We do not know what the effects will be of light having been caught bending. But we gladly give this example, worked out by a boy who is clever at maths.

A canal boat is moving upstream at a speed of three miles per hour. A man on deck is walking toward the bow of the boat at two miles per hour. What is his velocity with reference to the shore? "Five miles per hour," you answer. No; only 4.9999999 miles per hour, says Einstein.

Now we hope it is clear!

Tip-Cat

THE Australian Prime Minister says the next war will be in the Pacific Ocean. Then we shall have to change its name.

IF the next war must break out in the Pacific, cannot the next peace break in at Warsaw?

DENTISTS are forming a trade union. They think it will give them a greater pull.



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW

When the Railway
Management Com-
mittee will manage
the Railways

he suggest that it is composed of filleted place-hunters?

EX-KING CONSTANTINE says Greece got nothing by sticking to the Allies. But she got rid of Constantine.

WHERE Mr. Asquith would like to see himself: Up the poll.

POET for a wet day: Dryden.

The Badge of Cruelty

ALL humane people will like to know of that leaflet of the Canadian Government with the heading:

The German Badge of Cruelty

It is not the Iron Cross that is referred to, but the aigrette plumes in a hat captured from one of the Kaiser's sons. Canada will not allow this cruel traffic in aigrette plumes, which inflicts so much terrible suffering on beautiful birds and condemns nestlings to death by starvation, all to beautify a woman's hat—or the hat of a Kaiser's son.

We hope our women will leave this badge of cruelty to the Kaiser and his sons, and that our Government will soon forbid this infamous trade by which a few grow rich, many grow callous, and a whole race of lovely birds is threatened with extinction.

Hymn of Youth

By Harold Begbie

HEAR them, hear the laggards,
Whining on the road,
Crying, Life will stumble,
Crushed beneath its load!
Hear them taunting Progress,
See them cringe to Wrong:
Brothers, rise and fling them
Youth's triumphant song:

Who would cease from struggle,
Who from danger run,
While the foe still dares us,
Fifty score to one?
Fight!—fight on with rapture
Till the victory's won!

GOD be praised for peril,
God be praised for strife.
Onward! to the conflict,
Blessing God for life!
Shall we quail from hardship?
Shall we swerve from truth?
Ours the sword of Courage,
Ours the Flag of Youth!

MAN has come from darkness,
Battling through the night;
Backward lies the jungle,
Forward dawns the light;
Snatch the torch from cowards,
Flash its flame ahead;
Youth will take our places
When our youth is dead!

PROGRESS shall not falter
On her forward way,
While the youth of nations
Faces to the day:
God has told our heroes
Love and Joy shall reign,
Forward! Man shall conquer
Sin and Woe and Pain!

Who would cease from struggle,
Who from danger run,
While the foe still dares us,
Fifty score to one?
Fight!—fight on with rapture
Till the victory's won.

The Spirit of a Gentleman

IT is a few Sundays ago now, but it is never too late to repeat a good thing, and we gladly give these words from Dr. Welldon, Dean of Durham, in a sermon in the famous cathedral there. He was asking, What are the qualities of a Christian gentleman, and this is how he describes him:

Such a man could not lie. He shrank from any mean action.

He looked all the world in the face. He would not if he could, and could not if he would, play a double part.

He would not take an unfair advantage of anybody. His word was his bond. His conscience was his religion. He was the soul of loyalty.

He asked not what he could get, but what he could give.

He was always looking for a chance to say a kind word or do a kind act, to inspire hope or lift a lame dog, dry the tears that flowed so freely, and help the sad to smile.

It is all as fine and true as the cathedral in which the words rang out. Let us grow up in a spirit like that, and ours is the world and everything in it.

Then Come What May

Two things give me each day:
The joy of life in the morning,
A conscience clear at night.
Then come what may. A. M.

GIVING ENGLAND AWAY

THE QUEER OLD LAW OF SQUATTER'S RIGHTS

How a Man Made a Fortune with a Few Wooden Pegs
STRANGE STORY OF A FOREST

By Our Political Correspondent

A remarkable story comes from the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire, showing how wealth in England is given away by law to men who have not earned it.

In the forest is common land, on which the people of the parish had a right to turn their cows and pigs and geese. About forty years ago six men who had this right "pegged out" a part of the common land as theirs, claiming what are called "squatter's rights."

Now five of them are dead, and the one who is alive, the only "commoner" left, George Morgan by name, claims the part of the common they "pegged out" as his, and the coal deep down in the ground underneath the common.

It is said that the claim has been allowed, that it is made in accordance with the law. An offer of £70,000, it is stated, has been made for this coal by a company which would bring it to the surface.

If these are the facts, then George Morgan, by helping to put some wooden pegs down, and claiming a piece of England for himself, above ground and under ground, has acquired £70,000, which will be a tax on the coal that other Englishmen may in future bring from underneath a piece of "common" ground that was called common because it belonged at first to all.

Right of Law and Real Right

Few will blame George Morgan for taking what the law allows him to take, but the point to be noticed is that this is the way in which all the mineral wealth of England underground went first to private persons.

Because they had rights to the surface of the earth, by inheritance, or purchase, or old custom, the law gave them the ownership of whatever might be under the surface, and so they, individually, might become rich at the expense of all other people who needed the useful stuff under the earth.

In other words, our queer English laws give away the richest parts of England to individuals who, in many cases, have not done as much towards gaining the wealth as George Morgan when he stuck wooden pegs in the soil of a common.

What the law does is, of course, legally right, but is there not a real right above the right by law? And should we not say that England is for England, and not for a man here and there?

THE FALLEN NOBLES

Pitiful Lot of the Russian Exiles

We can all afford to spare a part of our sympathy for the once rich Russians, many of them of noble birth, who are now scattered over Europe in poverty.

The vast wealth of the men born rich, and the deep poverty of the very poor, has long been a curse to Russia. But the present generation of Russian nobility did not create the system. They, like the poor, are its victims.

Suddenly all their wealth has flown away; their lands are seized; they are exiles in strange lands, and many of them are only able to live by pawning the jewels they have carried off as they fled from imprisonment and death.

The Russian nobility lived in luxury as a rule, and failed to read the warning signs of the times, but their punishment now is so great that all kind-hearted onlookers may well feel the tragedy of their sudden downfall, for they too, like the poor, are with us in the common ranks of humanity.

BOYS IN THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

The picture of a group of schoolboys on this page is taken in the Houses of Parliament, and the gentleman who is showing them where to look and telling them what they are looking at is Mr. Clem Edwards, M.P. for East Ham, where the boys come from.

Mr. Edwards, the East Ham children will agree, is something like a member, for he has conducted between 2000 and 3000 of the boys and girls from his division over the whole of the Parliamentary buildings—the ancient Westminster Hall, down in the cellars where Guy Fawkes secreted his gunpowder, the Old House of King Charles's day, the Lords and the Commons; and as they wandered from place to place he

told them the whole romantic story.

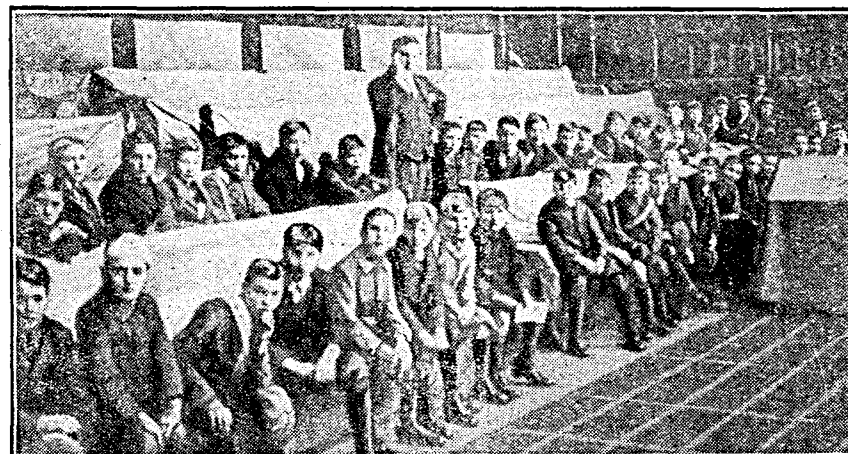
What was better still, he let the boys sit on the cushioned seats—or benches, as they are called—where the members sit, and then he told each boy in whose seat he was sitting.

It would be well if every boy and girl in the land could have the same ramble round these buildings where the ruling of our land goes on from generation to generation. They would be likely, then, to be interested all their lives in the doings of those who act for them in Parliament, and to think carefully which, among the members who differ so widely in their opinions, are most nearly right, and most likely to lead us into paths of prosperity and peace.

LEARNING HISTORY WHERE IT IS MADE



East Ham boys at Westminster with their M.P.



The schoolboys in the House of Commons, sitting on the Government Benches

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Over 25,000 people live permanently on canal boats in England.

A gipsy woman, 104 years old, is living in a van near Porthcawl, Wales.

Robbing a Nation's Treasures

Burglars have broken into the Vienna Art Museum and stolen treasures worth about £800,000.

The Dog on the Bus

Dogs may now be carried on London motor-buses, but they must go on top and sit in the laps of their owners.

The Unnecessary Queue

At an Underground station in London there is a continuous queue of people always waiting for tickets, in the busy hours of the morning, yet only one booking office is open.

There are over 300,000 Boy Scouts in the United Kingdom.

Rats are seriously undermining the sea-wall at Foulness Island, Essex.

What is London Worth?

The value of London as estimated by the authorities who levy the rates is £55,500,000.

The Wicked Rat Again

The cellars of a house at Southampton were flooded recently because a lead water-pipe had been gnawed through by rats.

The Modern Babel

An official announcement recently posted in Chicago had to be printed in 47 languages, owing to the very mixed population living in the city.

TWOPENNY SOVEREIGNS

Cheapest Ever Known

MAN WHO COULD NOT SELL THEM IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Which instinct is the stronger—caution or curiosity?

The question arises if we study either wild animals or civilised men. The animal at large—horses, cows, monkeys—impelled by caution, will flee for safety from anything it does not understand, and then will stop and return, wondering, impelled by curiosity to look at it again.

Civilised men hate to be "taken in." If they suspect that someone is trying to take them in they will pass by coldly, and few of them will let curiosity master their caution. Perhaps one in a hundred will give way to curiosity.

Nothing Doing

This self-protecting reserve had an interesting test in London recently. There is an old story that a man once stood on London Bridge and offered to sell sovereigns at a shilling each, but found no purchasers. Perhaps it was this story that led one young man lately to declare that he would sell in five minutes in Trafalgar Square 50 One Pound Notes for twopence each.

The test was made. The man stood in Trafalgar Square with a tray containing 50 envelopes, each envelope with a genuine £1 note inside. How many passers-by do you think bought these pound notes at twopence? Only one had enough curiosity to pay the 2d. and receive £1. The rest took caution as their guide. In this case it did not serve them well, but, none the less, it is the better guide—probably fifty times better than vague and questionable chance.

Ninety-nine times in a hundred such a man is tricking you, and it is true wisdom to beware of him.

GIRL WHO CAUGHT A RATTLESNAKE

Adventure in a Swamp

The pretty girl who graces page one is Miss Gladys Ditmars, and no girl has a father who is more proud of his daughter. For he is the chief of the New York Zoo, and when the family—father, mother, and daughter—went holidaying in the hope of finding some specimens that would be an attraction in the zoo, and, in a cypress swamp in South Carolina, came upon the second most dangerous snake in the world, it was Gladys who captured the snake.

It was a sharp-eyed negro boy of the neighbourhood who first saw it, and reported its whereabouts—a diamond-backed rattlesnake!

The deadliest snake in the world is the Indian cobra; and the next deadliest is the diamond-backed rattlesnake. But girls who wander about in a zoo, and have a father who is master there, are much less afraid of snakes and things than we should be; and so Gladys Ditmars, armed with a long pole and a condensed milk box, faced the snake boldly and captured him.

Exactly how she did it we do not know; but she *did* capture it, deadly though it was; and now it is one of the wonders of the New York Zoo—and Gladys is another.

A second prize of that holiday expedition was the fox sitting on Gladys's knee. As we see, it has become a pet, and seems even to know that it is having its photograph taken. *Picture on page one.*

EGYPT DISTURBED BY A DOG

TRAGIC LESSON FOR NATIONS AND VILLAGES

Quarrel That Went on for Generation after Generation

THE CURSE OF FEUDS

We never hear of feuds in Britain now, but once they were common here in mountainous regions.

The Highland clans nursed their quarrels for centuries, and still there are men of one Highland name who hate other Highland names.

In hill countries like Afghanistan and the encircling mountain ranges, in Albania and the Caucasus, tribal and family feuds are kept up for generations. In Ireland the same state of feeling exists, though the division there is chiefly religious. Each side welcomes a chance of attacking the unforgiven enemy. Sometimes, as in Afghanistan, only the death of all the men in a family will end the quarrel.

Village Against Village

A case that shows the folly and wickedness of inherited strife is reported from Egypt. A man of one Egyptian village was bitten, 150 years ago, by a dog from a neighbouring village, and the man died. One village sided with the man, while the other village sided with the dog and its owner, and ever since then the quarrel has been kept alive, with the result that 36 men have recently been killed, and 21 men have been sent to prison for being concerned in these murders.

Recently there has been much violence in Egypt among those who object to a British Protectorate there, and orderly government has been disturbed. Such disorder gives evil-minded people of any country a chance for which they are always watching. That is a fact which those who believe in order and law should never forget.

Lesson for the Whole World

When disorder swept for a week or two over Egypt, the people of Ashraf, the village of the man who was bitten 150 years ago, saw their chance, and suddenly attacked the people of Hamidat, the village of the dog, killing twenty of the inhabitants, burning 120 houses, and carrying off all the goods, cattle, and corn.

Then the men of Hamidat rallied, and, pouncing on Ashraf, killed 16 of its people with a fury surpassing that of their historical dog.

When order was restored, 71 of the rioters, from both sides, were seized by the police, and 21 ringleaders were tried and condemned.

"Shall crime bring crime for ever?" asked Ebenezer Elliott, the Sheffield poet, in a glorious song. The answer is "Yes, it will, unless law puts down violence with a strong hand, and the teaching of Jesus softens the human heart and destroys the sin of hate."

A deep and wide lesson comes to all mankind from this 150-years old story of a man and a dog, with its hateful consequences repeating themselves from generation to generation. It is a lesson great nations have to learn, as well as foolish villages.

HISTORY UNDERGROUND

Two skeletons found by children in Midlothian are believed to be those of soldiers who fought in the battle of Pinkie, 360 years ago, where Mary, Queen of Scots, was defeated and lost her crown.

DIAMONDS IN THE DUSTBIN

Two dustmen in London, finding some bits of a bracelet in a dustbin, gave them to a baby to play with. They happened to be diamonds, worth £40.

The Deathless Life of Elsie Inglis JOAN OF ARC OF MODERN SCOTLAND

How She Became a Pillar of Strength to a Nation Broken by the War

THE FAME OF A NAME THAT SHALL NEVER PASS AWAY

Elsie Inglis—who has not heard her name? They call her in Scotland their Joan of Arc.

Here and there, now and then, somebody will ask you for a little help in carrying on the work of Elsie Inglis. They are raising a hundred thousand pounds in Scotland and in Serbia as a monument to the noble heart and mind of this great friend of mankind.

For in these two parts of the world Elsie Inglis was specially known—in Serbia because she gave her life for that heroic, smitten, suffering, and triumphant little land; in Scotland because she won the hearts of every poor woman and every poor child in the narrow streets of old Edinburgh by her skill and her love as a doctor; and there it was, in the ancient streets of that great city, that, as her coffin passed on a gun-carriage to a soldier's funeral, the women cried, "Why did they not give her the Victoria Cross?"

Ah, she has something more than the Victoria Cross: she has a monument in every generous heart.

Friend of the Poor

It was by her work as a doctor among the women and children of the poorer parts of Edinburgh, and by her work as a moving spirit in seeking votes for women, that Elsie Inglis was chiefly known.

She believed in women taking their place with men, equals in responsibilities, labours, and rights; and in action she proved her beliefs so completely that no one will ever again be able to say that women cannot be comrades for men, however great the strain and stress may be, in any situation.

A week after the war broke out she proposed to her women friends that they should equip a hospital staffed entirely by women. She calculated that for one small hospital a thousand pounds would be needed to "carry on" through the first six months. When a member of the committee heard this estimate of the money needed, she dropped her head on her hands, and moaned, "We might as well ask for a million at once!"

Spirit of Triumph

But that spirit of despair found no shelter in the heart of Elsie Inglis. She went straight on with an energy that would take no denial, and before the war closed, so inspiring had been her example, and so masterly her organisation, that fourteen hospitals had been sent, with twenty women doctors in command, to nine countries, counting their patients by tens of thousands. And, as the news of their work resounded round the world, money came pouring in until in all £449,000 was raised.

The soul of this wide work of mercy was the soul of Elsie Inglis. Though she died while the work and the war continued, worn out by labour, fatigue, and privation in foreign lands, her spirit lived on with undiminished power.

The first offer of the Scottish Women's Hospital was made by Dr. Inglis to the British Army Medical Service, and no one will be surprised to hear that it was refused.

Then the offer was made for foreign service to Belgium, France, Serbia, and Russia; and Belgium, France, and Serbia accepted, the first work being begun for Belgium at Calais.

Though splendid work was done in France, winning the admiration of all who saw it, it was in Serbia that the Women's Hospital won immortal fame; and there Elsie Inglis, who had been organising the whole system from home, first went out, in May 1915, to take her personal share in the staff work of three hospitals with 570 beds, two of the hospitals being for the virulent typhus fever that was sweeping over the war-stricken land.

At this time Serbia had only 300 doctors of her own, for 120 had died of typhus, and there was not a single nurse. The nursing was done by Austrian prisoners, who had no idea at all of cleanliness.

Into this land of dirt and death came Elsie Inglis and her Scottish women doctors; and soon they had everything so clean that their soldier patients, sinking back on pillows in beds such as they had never known before, said, "It is beautiful, sister, beautiful"; and the first American



Dr. Elsie Inglis

who "turned up" exclaimed, "How neat, and English!"

Here, there, and everywhere, master of the whole plan and skilled in every detail, went the Lady Chief, till to the Serbian people she seemed like one immortal, as indeed she was.

The early days in Serbia were probably the happiest in the life of Elsie Inglis. She could not but know how good was the work she was doing, and how wide and deep the love felt for her by her admiring patients and devoted followers.

But now came a change, and the rest of her life was spent under the shadow of defeat. In the great Serbian retreat the whole country was over-run. The hospitals were broken up, and their staffs retreated over the mountains, with crowds of Serbian fugitives, to the Adriatic coast.

The defeat of the Serbians, and the agony of seeing their war-worn prisoners pass into captivity, almost

Continued at foot of next column

TWO WAYS WITH THE PIGEON

THE WAY OF CHIVALRY IN FRANCE

And the Way of a Dull-head of Islington

In two ways the friendly pigeon, the most confidential of all wild birds, has come under public notice. The French have been holding an exhibition of war pigeons in Paris, and decorating the birds which did fine service at Verdun.

As a chivalrous nation with a high sense of honour, the French understand the part played by sentiment in the world's affairs.

They will decorate a town that has shown fine bravery or endurance. They do not ask that a memorial to their noble dead shall be something tamely useful, like a pump. They put up a statue that speaks to the heart for ever, and causes the passing stranger to raise his hat, and struggle with a lump in his throat. *They know.* And even the dumb pigeon has his decoration.

Apologies to the Pigeons

If we contrast this with the doings of an Islington bird butcher, it is not because we think the French are one whit more kind to beautiful birds and animals than we are. They are not more kind. The Islington slaughterer is a man to himself. Otherwise he would not have been before a London magistrate for killing eleven of the beautiful tame pigeons that are a delight to all who unite a love of birds with a love of grey and grimy central London.

This exceptional man claimed a right to kill all the London pigeons he could. If he has this right, everybody else has it, too, and there will be no tame pigeons left in London, provided there are sufficient dull-witted people to kill them.

One wonders whether such a man knows, or cares, what his fellow men feel about him. The London pigeon is everybody's trustful friend; yet that is not enough to keep an odd man here and there from being its treacherous and ruthless enemy. We apologise to the pigeon world for such a man.

broke the heart of Dr. Inglis; but, with 75 assistants and three doctors, she set sail in August, 1916, for Archangel, found herself once more with an army in retreat, and found herself also in a Revolution—for she was in Russia when the Tsardom fell.

Partly as a result of the anxiety caused by the confusion and collapse of Russia, and also of the severity of the climate, Dr. Inglis fell seriously ill, until at last she had to come home.

Constantly growing weaker on the voyage, but never uttering a word of complaint, she reached Newcastle on November 25, 1917. She was now, it was clear, nearing the end of her work, and even of her brave, loving, and helpful life; but she would not allow herself to be carried from the ship. Her spirit mastered her failing body to the last, but the day after reaching Newcastle she passed into her immortality.

In all the annals of womanhood there is no record of a nobler soul. She had lived out her life for others, and the memory of her will remain for ever fragrant. Widely as she loved she is herself beloved, and so we tell here this story of her great career for the good of all whose hearts are tender like her own.

FIRST NEST OF THE YEAR

Birds Beginning to Sing and Coo

SNAIL WITH A TRAP-DOOR

By Our Country Correspondent

It is interesting at this time of year to look out for the first nest. Will it be a robin's, a starling's, a ringdove's, a sparrow's, or a thrush's? It may be any of these, but most likely you will find first a song-thrush's nest, partly because the bird is an early nester, and partly because this bird seems to take less trouble to conceal its nest than other birds.

The nest may be in the fork of a tree not yet in leaf, or it may be in a thick evergreen bush, or in the ivy on the wall. You may even find it in a pile of faggots in a back corner of the garden or yard. It is made of twigs, roots, and dried grass, neatly plastered inside with mud to look like a bowl, in which from four to six brown-spotted, greenish-blue eggs will be able to lie comfortably.

Bullfinch After the Fruit Buds

A bird very much in evidence just now is the bullfinch, which, directly the fruit buds are swollen, goes into the garden, to the disgust of the gardener, and makes a hearty meal off them. He and his wife are both there, and the ruby hue of the breast gives a pleasing touch of colour.

His plaintive whistling, though not very musical when compared with other birds, is attractive enough as a herald of coming spring. The pleasure of the bullfinch's company now, however, will prove expensive later on, for the more he visits your buds in February the less fruit you will have in July and August.

The greenfinch has begun to sing, and the ringdove's cooing is very noticeable. Now and then a goshawk may be seen in the very early spring, and is worth looking out for. It has longer legs in proportion than the falcon, and shorter wings, and is more strongly built than the sparrowhawk. The talons and beak, too, are more powerful.

Snails Waking Up.

Earthworms are beginning to lie out in the open once again, and the heath snail, the first of the snails to make its appearance, should be looked for. It has a graceful shell, circular and flattened in form, with a nearly circular mouth and six whorls, and is usually white in colour. Though common in limestone and chalk districts, it is familiar elsewhere.

Of quite a different appearance is the laminated-close shell, that of another land snail. This is a long, thin, spindle-shaped shell, semi-transparent and shiny, and is in colour yellow or reddish brown, though sometimes greenish white. It is popularly known as the trap-door snail, because just inside the mouth of the shell is a little trap-door which opens outward, and is easily pushed out by the snail when it wants to travel. At the slightest sign of danger, however, the creature retires, and the trap-door springs back, closing the entrance.

The Early Moths

The drone-fly is making its appearance, and several moths may be looked for, including the small eggar, the oak beauty, the grey shoulder knot, and the dark swordgrass. The first-named is very punctual in its February appearance, and the last two, which have hibernated through the winter, may be found when the weather is mild at the end of February on the flowers of spurge laurel, and later on will be seen on the swallow blossoms.

The handsomest moth of the four is the oak beauty, for, although its colours are not bright, the general effect is rich and striking.

Among the trees, the alder and yew are flowering, and the blossoms of the lesser periwinkle and the pilewort may be gathered in many parts. C. R.

BRAINS FOR EYES

What the Blind Have Taught the World to See

THE CLEVER MEN AT THE TELEPHONE BOARD

The blind men have taught the world to see one thing at least—that a blind man is no longer dependent on others, as he used to be.

One of the most astonishing successes of St. Dunstan's, Sir Arthur Pearson's wonderful training-home for blind soldiers, has been the Telephone School.

Already forty blind men have been trained to work a telephone switchboard, and have proved their skill in situations which they obtained in competition with operators who can see.

In one large business house a blind operator works alternate shifts with one who can see, and the firm declare that they perceive no difference in efficiency between the two men.

The men are first of all taught to use a typewriter and a Braille machine. Then they go into the switchboard room and learn to operate, and at the same time to write Braille shorthand. One man mastered the whole course in two months, and was able to take a good position in an office, where he is carrying out his duties in a manner that has evoked high praise.

Blind Man Writes a Message

A trained operator can take down a telephone message in Braille shorthand, and can read this off to the person for whom it is intended as quickly as the average person reads the newspaper; or he can turn to his typewriter and dispatch the message in letter form. He keeps a Braille directory of the numbers of the firms with whom he is, in regular touch, so that those telephoning need not repeat these numbers each time, but merely ask for the firm they want.

The object of St. Dunstan's is to make the blind men independent, so that they may forget their blindness, and, not only does the home succeed in this, but it gives the men such confidence that those around them forget their blindness too. No one watching one of these blind men at work, seeing his neatness and precision, would dream that he was blind if he had not been told.

NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY

The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is Nature's time-table next week, given for London from February 22. Black figures indicate next morning.

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Tuesday	Friday
Sunrise ..	7. 4 a.m.	7. 0 a.m.	6. 54 a.m.
Sunset ..	5. 24 p.m.	5. 28 p.m.	5. 33 p.m.
Moonrise ..	7. 40 a.m.	8. 34 a.m.	10. 38 a.m.
Moonset ..	8. 57 p.m.	11. 29 p.m.	2. 52 a.m.
High Tide .	3. 48 p.m.	4. 55 p.m.	7. 8 p.m.

Next Week's Moon



NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

If the weather is favourable, and the ground in good condition, sow the main crop of onions on light soil; the ground should be trodden firmly. Spanish kinds, if sown in September, for transplanting to produce large bulbs, may now be planted in rows nine inches apart, and eighteen inches from each other.

Look well after mice where crocuses are growing; they are often troublesome just as the flower-buds are appearing. Finish pruning as soon as possible.

DIRECT ACTION BY MOBS

Blot on America's Fame

THE TERRIBLE CROWDS THAT DEFY THE GOVERNMENT

No people in the world think better of themselves than the citizens of the United States, and they do not hesitate to say what they think about their great, free, moral country as an example for the rest of mankind.

But they are less free in advertising the fact that of all the nations claiming to be in the first rank of civilised States they are the most lawless.

The first duties of civilisation are to make laws that represent the wisdom of the people, and then to obey them. The States of the American Republic have an abundance of laws, self-made, but the point on which their citizens fail is in obeying the laws, even in matters of life and death.

Facts of 16 States

Until the American States are sufficiently civilised to try offenders by the laws which they have broken, and to punish them according to those laws, and not otherwise, there is a blot on the Western Republic in the eyes of mankind. *And it is a blot of blood.*

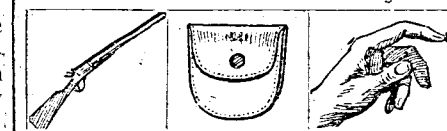
Here are the facts. In 16 different American States men were killed by mobs in the year 1919, in defiance of the law. That is to say, they were lynched, hanged in public without a trial. Last year 82 people were lynched. Some were hanged, some burned, and some tortured before their execution, 75 being negroes and seven white men.

This has been happening continuously, and the record of publicly-planned murders ranges from 208 in 1892 to 38 in 1917, and 82 last year.

It is a gruesome story, but as it is one of the bad facts of life that ought to be altered it should be known everywhere, and the great American Republic should be made to feel how she besmirches her honour in the eyes of civilised nations by this slaughter in defiance of her own laws.

Of course, the 32 American States that had no lynchings are exempt from blame. Each State is independent as regards its treatment of crime. But a disgrace which is self-inflicted by one-third of the 48 States is sufficiently deep to damage the national character.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



Le fusil Le porte-monnaie La main

Le fusil de mon père est chargé

Le porte-monnaie est vide

C'est la main gauche de l'homme

NÉRON

L'empereur Néron se plaisait à chanter en public. Malheureusement il avait la voix fausse, et, un jour, un spectateur eut l'audace de siffler.

Néron fit saisir le coupable et ordonna qu'on le jetât aux lions. Or, la coutume voulait que la victime, en passant devant l'Empereur s'écriât: "Auguste, celui qui va mourir te salue!"

Mais celui-ci varia la formule, et dit: "Auguste, je vais mourir parce que tu chantes faux; mais quand je serai mort, tu ne chanteras pas mieux."

À partir de ce jour Néron fit étrangler les siffleurs en cachette.

OIL IN NORFOLK

Rich oil shale, promising profitable working, has been found in Norfolk, a county not strong hitherto in minerals.

SMALL THOUGHTS

Every Boy a Captain of Football

By Harold Begbie

There was a glorious man among our glorious dead in France, a man who loved boys, was loved by boys, and by many was deemed the ideal schoolmaster.

Almost in secret, and almost ashamed of it—for he had no conceit—this glorious man wrote splendid poetry—splendid because it expressed splendid thoughts freshly, manfully, in a boy's way. He published the poems in a little book, and this is it: "Magpies in Picardy," by T. P. Cameron Wilson, published by The Poetry Bookshop.

Among these poems was one addressed to "The Football Captain." We quote here three of its four verses:

Your eyes have told me that your mind is clean,
For through their sapphire casements I have seen

A great god-prefect (such as Heaven hath),
Watching that no small thought forget its bath.

And yet when you have grown and come to years

Of ripened indiscretion, I have fears
Lest Mammon teach your thoughts to go untubbed,

And cast away the god who saw them scrubbed;

Yet leave your emptied life to dribble round

From goal to goal across a footer ground,
Whereon the ghosts of strenuous hacks gone by,

Kicking at nothing for eternity.

Do you see what he meant? Conscience is the prefect, the head monitor, of the soul. It is there to see that our thoughts are kept as clean and sweet as our bodies. No small thought must go without its bath!

The way to keep our thoughts clean is to live strenuous days, kicking vigorously at something which will win for us and all men the goal of eternity.

Do you know of anything more unpleasant than a dirty body? I will tell you of one. It is a dirty mind.

A CHILDREN'S BOOK FROM INDIA

THE BLUEBIRD LETTERS TO CHILDREN. By R. K. Sorabji. Allahabad: India. Price two rupees.

The writer of these letters is an Indian barrister who reads the Children's Newspaper and has taken his M.A. degree at Oxford. He has been sending out these letters weekly to children in India during the war, and has now published them in a volume.

They are sweet and tender in spirit, and filled with easily-understood instruction of the most ennobling kind.

We have never read a more hopeful book. It shows that India, through its own people, is feeling and spreading the loveliest truth that is moulding the lives of the best men and women of the Western nations.

Mr. Sorabji is a Christian teacher, with a singular aptness for helping young and old to feel in their hearts those simple good tidings from Galilee on which the happiness of mankind depends in the ages to come.

LOADING HAY WITH COMPRESSED AIR

In Oregon, U.S.A., hay is loaded and packed into freight cars by means of an air blast. The hay is drawn up to a deck beside the car by a crane, and a powerful air blower hurls the hay into the car, pressing it down, and packing it.

FORTUNE LEFT IN A TRAIN

A traveller left a bag containing £20,000 in a train at Florence. Later the bag was found, but the money had gone.

THE UNKNOWN TRAIL

A Tale of Terror and Adventure in the
Sunless Depths of the Amazon Forest

Told by
Edward
Wright

CHAPTER 1

The Flyaway Goes Over

YOUNG Ted Lanaway was busy cleaning a sooted sparking plug, when his small motor boat bumped more violently than usual.

He could see nothing in the glimmering darkness. The narrowing river was walled in by strange trees, whose branches made a black tunnel above the mysterious waterway.

"What is it, Manco?" said the English boy, his face lighting with a smile. "Another big jam of logs? I must use more thunder stuff!"

"No logs, little master," replied the Red Indian boat-hand. "River is too swift now. I smell big smoking water."

He spoke in Quichuan; and Ted, having been with him almost night and day for a month, used the same language.

A quick-witted lad was Ted, as he showed in the electric light with which the boat was fitted, with the jersey and shorts of a Sea-Scout, but hatless, and a mop of curly deep-red hair shining above his eager face.

He carefully replaced, in a locker in the bows, the dynamite he had hastily taken when he thought there was a log jam to blow up. Then he leaned forward from the boat to listen.

All round was the awesome silence of the heart of the Matto Grosso, that vast, unopened forest of the Amazon's streams that has baffled explorers for hundreds of years. A few far-off noises of hunted bird or beast, the lap of water, and a shout from the main exploring party higher up the river, served only to deepen the sombre stillness.

Though Ted had the fresh, keen senses of a Sea-Scout of fourteen, released from school on a wild life of adventure, he could not distinguish any danger. He was not in love with peril, as he had been when he landed in Brazil. He was becoming cautious and doubtful of himself, and his admiration for the Red Indian, who had saved him from caymans and man-eating fish, made him obedient to every suggestion.

"I do not smell smoke," he said. "You were not born by smoking water, as I was," replied the native, his solemn, seamed face wrinkling with anxiety. "We go no farther till big master comes."

Big master came at top speed in a heavy launch, with another small motor-boat and a swarm of Indian dug-out canoes trailing after him. He was Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Lanaway, once better known as Ginger Terror at Felixstowe.

A small, slight, youngish man with gingery hair, he was a discredit, in appearance, to his country. So were his three taller companions, who used to be among the neatest of naval officers at Harwich. All wore khaki shorts and little else, for the clammy heat made clothing a misery. None of them had had a hair-cut or a shave for weeks, and faces and bodies were crimson and terribly swollen with fly bites.

The British explorers were redder in colour than the two score of Tupi Red Indians working with them. Only Ted was free from insect bites, and his suffering companions wondered why fly and mosquito never attacked him. Ted did not know why he escaped, but every night, when he slept near Manco, the Indian softly rubbed him with some fragrant juice. Consequently the boy remained as handsome as he was happy during the voyage from the Amazons down the Mamore tributary, and the wearisome haul across the Brazilian highland to the river of mystery.

"Hello, Ted!" cried his father. "What on earth has happened?"

"Nothing wrong, Dad," said his son. "Motor jibbed, but I got it working again. Now Manco won't go on because he says he smells big smoking water—a great waterfall he means, you know."

"Your Manco is an abominable nuisance," said the peppery colonel. "I wish you had not picked him up at Manao. All the crews hate him, and you would have done far better to learn the Tupi lingo. As for his river craft—"

The colonel turned to his own Red Indians, and asked them if the expedition was nearing a waterfall. They thought the growing strength of the current was due to the narrowing of the river.

"Your man is a fool and a coward," the father said to his son. "Any more of his nonsense, and we'll let him make his own way back in a dug-out. Put up the sighting rod, and then go on to the next bend as quickly as you can."

The flies had bitten the good temper out of the colonel that morning. He went back in the launch in a fume.

Ted was flushed and silent. He was an only child, and his father had been very gentle to him since the death of his mother. Perhaps the lad had grown a bit self-willed, but he had the discipline of a good Sea-Scout. He worked his boat into the middle of the stream, and put up the sighting rod, on which a red lamp and a white lamp were fixed a metre apart.

Down the river the colonel took a sight through his telemeter, added the measured distance to the chart he was making of the new river, and signalled to the surveying boat to proceed.

"Go very slowly," said Manco. But Ted no longer smothered his anger. His blue eyes stared in a vacant way. He opened the throttle, and the little motor boat showed she merited her name, The Flyaway.

Tearing along at an extraordinary speed, with her electric headlight blazing in the forest tunnel, she frightened every obscure thing that lived close by the sliding water.

"Stop!" shrieked Manco. "Stop!" The boat reached a bend. Ted tried to turn back, but, so tremendous was the pressure of water against the length of the boat, there was almost an upset.

The boy had to keep on a straight course. He could hear a distant roar, and, throttling the engine down, he gave the steering wheel to Manco and darted from side to side. He unloosed some ropes, and screwed up some bolts.

Louder and louder came the roar of the cataract. A blaze of sunlight seemed to rush up-stream. The walls of the forest fell away, bare cliffs, over-arched by bluesky, appeared. Then the boat went down the ravine on a long, steep curve of glass-like brown water.

Manco, like a figure of stone, was still standing at the wheel. With a strangely radiant face, Ted opened the throttle, and, pushing the Red Indian away, seized the wheel, just before the frail craft took the great plunge.

CHAPTER 2

The Redskins

THE Flyaway was the jewel of invention of the flying seamen of Felixstowe. What seemed to be a waterproof awning, folded in at the sides, spread out as Ted pressed a lever, and, swinging upward, formed two wings. These wings were shaped like propellers, but were made of fabric on a light alloy framework.

"This is why I wanted to steer," yelled Ted.

Manco's face lost its setness. A strange tenderness came upon it, and he seemed like a man in prayer as his lips murmured something the boy could not hear.

"Child with the Rising Sun in your hair," he said, in a kind of low chant, "the dead shall arise from their forgotten graves when the radiance of your beauty falls upon them!"

Like a flame Ted's long hair streamed behind him in the wind of the great plunge, while, with superb self-confidence, he shifted the clutch from the water-screw into the mechanism of the air propellers, and set them revolving.

Wonderfully quick he was, and some yards above the ledge of the waterfall the boat released herself from the grip of death, and began to soar.

Reaching a height of two hundred feet, Ted, whose audacity was equalled only by his inexperience, altered the position of the whirling wings so that they bent forward. The boat then travelled over a large, horrifying whirlpit and came above a wide clearing. In the distance the forest could be seen again closing round the waterway.

Ted had only been up twice in a

were trying to kill me at Manao, I would not be here."

"You soon got over that stab in the ribs," said Ted. "It will not take you long to get better again."

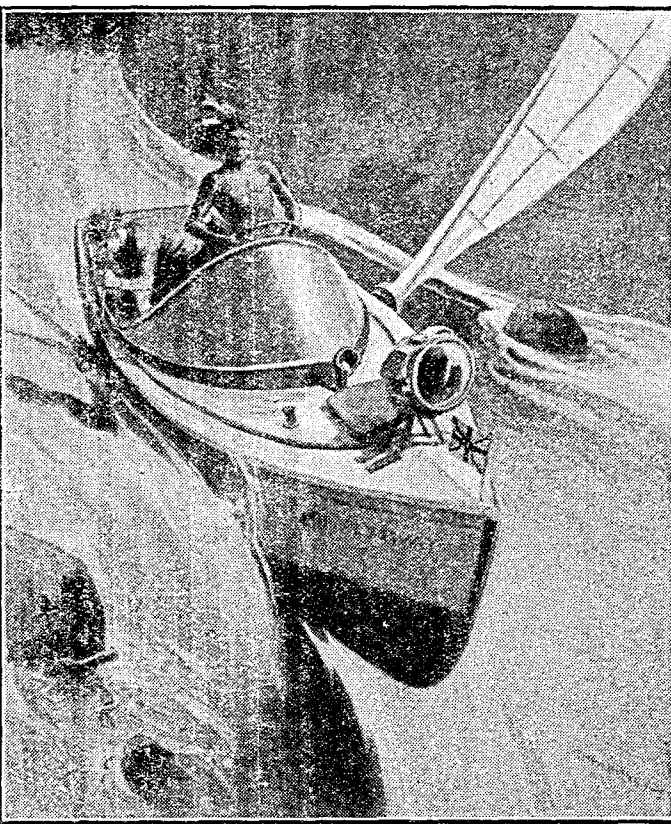
"Those Tupi dogs had been tracking me for a week on the Amazons," said the old Indian, letting his tired mind play on his first meeting with the boy. "They knew I had been selling rubies and gold, and thought I had money on me. But the Children of the Sun do not carry money when they are among strangers. Are Englishmen Christians, little master?"

"Yes," said Ted.

"Then you are the first Christian that ever did good to me. Now I will sleep," murmured Manco.

Ted went back to the motor boat, and found it would take many men to prise it out of the mud.

It seemed that there was nothing to do except to wait until his father discovered the great waterfall, and had a road cut for hauling and portage through the upper forest. For it was unlikely that the other small flying boat, the Waterbird, would be risked on the long, steep rapid that led to the fall. In any case, the big launch had to be hauled over logs before it could be refloated.



The boat went down the ravine on a long, steep curve of glass-like brown water

flying motor boat, with his father handling the machinery and explaining it to him. He did not remember all the details about landing, and after getting the wings in the right position, he shut the engine off too soon, and bumped deep into a mud-flat that seemed to be covered with basking turtles.

Both the Red Indian and the boy were knocked over, but Manco was careless of his injuries. He helped Ted to land, and then knelt down and seemed to pray to him.

"Child of the Sun," he exclaimed, "you have entered the gate to your kingdom! Master you are of the Golden River, and Bridegroom to the Star of Joy!"

His head was bleeding badly from a knock against the steel side of the boat. Ted, who had only been slightly bruised, regarded the strange old chap as being a bit crazy from the wound. He clambered into the boat, and found a packet of first-aid material and a cushion.

"Never mind," he said, as he rolled the lint round a wad of antiseptic wool, binding up the old man's head. "You'll soon be better. Rest under this mora tree."

"It is not the first time you have bound up my wounds, little master," said the Quichuan. "If you had not helped me when the Tupis

Ted comforted himself with the thought that he and Manco could live on turtles, fish and game until the exploring party found them.

At the thought of the food problem he began to feel hungry. He opened a tin of sardines, made himself some tea, and took a mugful to his companion. But on wading across the mud to the red-blossomed mora tree, he found no one there.

"Manco! Manco!" he shouted.

No reply came. Thinking the injured man was wandering about crazily, Ted prepared to search. He put on long boots against snake bites, a pith helmet against sunstroke, a Webley pistol and a belt of cartridges against any wild beast attack. The spoor of big cats was visible on the mud, amid the print of forest deer.

Shouting at intervals, the boy came to the farther side of the forest, and saw a beast's track running through the tall trees near the riverside.

As he peered down it, there was a noise in the air and the weighted thongs of bolas after bolas caught him, and made him a helpless prisoner.

From their green ambush a band of strange Red Indians whooped and rushed upon their captive.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

THE NICKUM'S SPIN

"LIKE to come for a spin in my side-car, Nickum?" Uncle Jim asked.

The Nickum gave a happy little gasp and echoed, "Like!" "All right! Be at the gate Saturday morning, ten prompt. I'm going to the lumber camp at Birchwood. We may go by Gilestown, and have a look at the shop-windows."

At great moments words are useless things. But the Nickum's face was eloquent, and Uncle Jim understood.

"Mind you wrap up well," he cautioned. "Motoring is very chilly work."

If he had asked the little boy to don tar and feathers, or even a feather quilt, he would joyfully have promised.

The excitement for the next few days was terrific!

Supposing that Saturday should not be fine! But it was. Such a warm, genial day that the wounded Canadian who lived down the street hobbled out on his crutches to enjoy the air.

The Nickum, who was ready long before ten o'clock, greeted him gaily.

"I'm going to the lumber camp with Uncle Jim," he announced.

"I thought you were going to the North Pole," the soldier laughed.

The Nickum blushed. "Uncle Jim told me to wrap up well 'cos motoring is so cold. We're going to Gilestown, too."

"I wish—" the soldier began, and there was a sad look in his eyes.

"What?" the Nickum asked anxiously.

After thinking a little, the soldier gave a funny little smile. "I'm not going to grouse," he said, "but if you could bring me back a knot of pine wood, I think the smell would do me good. You see I was brought up on a lumber camp. Why, whatever can be wrong with that poor dog?"

A young collie dog was coming limping down the street holding up his fore-paw and whining piteously.

"It's Spot!" the Nickum cried, running to meet him. "Harry's dog! Here, Spottie, poor fellow, let's see the paw!"

He was examining the hurt foot, when, with a honk, the motor-cycle swept down upon them. The soldier saw the cyclist leap out, and nephew and uncle bend over the injured dog. They seemed to have a long talk, and once the Nickum nodded in his direction. Then he heard that young gentleman say loudly, "So's I can attend to poor Spot." Uncle Jim greeted the Canadian with, "Good morning! Like to come with me to the lumber camp? My nephew had promised, but he seems to prefer Spot's company!"

Before he could stammer out a single word, the ex-lumber man found himself packed carefully in the side-car, and was soon on the way to the lumber camp.

February 21, 1920

The Children's Newspaper

II



The Sun Will Pierce the Thickest Cloud



DI MERRYMAN

"CAN you make four revolutions in the air before alighting?" asked a curious stranger of the circus acrobat.

"No," replied the acrobat; "I'm not a South American Republic."

Do You Live in Perthshire?

PERTSHIRE is the shire, or county, of Perth, a name which comes from a Gaelic word meaning bramble. The district is one in which the bramble is common.

Curious Sentence

HERE is a curious sentence. It is not ancient Mexican, but modern English. Can you read it?

I N X I N X I N Answer next week

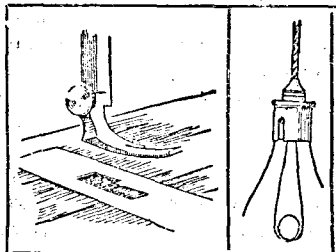
Can You Say Los Angeles?

THE lady would remind you, please, Her name is not Los Angie Lees, Nor Angie anything whatever. She hopes her friends will be so clever

To share her fit historic pride; The g shall not be jellified. O long, g hard, and rhyme with "Yes,"

That's all about Loce Ang-el-ess.

What Are These Things?



We are all familiar with these parts of things. Do you know what they are? Solutions next week

Handsome Is As Handsome Does

SAID a fop to a lady, "Pray name if you can

Of all your acquaintances the handsomest man."

The lady replied, "If you'd have me speak true, He's the handsomest man that is most unlike you!"

LET the howlers howl, and the growlers growl, and the prowlers prow, and the gee-gaws go it; Behind the night there is plenty of light, and things are all right, and—I know it.

Is Your Name Pugh?

PUGH is a surname that has come from the Welsh. It was originally spelt Ap-Hugh, and meant son of Hugh, a way of distinguishing a son from his father. The Christian name Hugh means mind, and was probably first given to a clever person.

Something to Remember

HEARTS are little doors; they open with ease

To very little keys.

Kindly remember two of these Are "Thank you, sir," and "If you please."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Puzzle Sentence

Time flies, you cannot; they pass too quickly.

Figure Puzzle

$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{4} = 100$

All the Figures Equal One

In addition to the solution which we gave, there are several other ways of arranging the figures 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 so as to represent one. Here are two additional methods sent in by a reader.

$\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1865}{3730}; \frac{48}{96} + \frac{135}{270}$

Jacko Meets the Train

WHEN Jacko went back to school after the holidays he found that four new boys were expected. They were coming by train, and bringing their luggage with them.

Jacko was talking about them to the gardener, who was harnessing the old horse, and getting ready to meet them.

"I wish I could come too," said Jacko.

The old man shook his head.

"Gainst rules, Master Jacko," he said, as he went off to fetch his coat. "Can't be done."

But Jacko wasn't so sure. The cart was ready and waiting, and as soon as the old man was safely out of sight Master Jacko sprang in and caught up the reins.

He arrived at the station as the train came puffing in. When he had tied the horse to the lamp post, for safety, he went inside, and found four boys solemnly mounting guard over their boxes.

"Hullo!" he sang out. "Are you the new boys for Rangu-tang House?"

Yes, they said, they were.

"Look slippy, then," ordered Jacko, feeling rather pleased with himself. "Bring your trunks outside and stow them in the cart."

The boys struggled obediently with the heavy boxes, and at last got them in. But they were little boys, and it took them all their time.

"Hurry up!" cried Jacko impatiently, whipping up the horse. "Hop up behind."

They hopped, and pulled the back of the cart up after them. But they forgot to fasten it, and as the horse moved on, down it fell again!

The boys yelled, and clutched each other wildly. But the next minute the cart went over a stone. Out shot the boys, and down they all went, one on top of the other, helter-skelter, into the road.

Jacko, looking back over his shoulder, thought it the best joke in the world, and drove off, shrieking with laughter, and left them there.

Hoity Toity and Molly Coddle

Hoity and Molly have run away from a grumpy aunt to find their parents. They reach London, where they meet a tramp with whom they had had an adventure.

CHAPTER 20

AT the same moment the tramp noticed them, and said: "Now I've got yer! Where's the money you stole?" "It was ours," cried Hoity indignantly. "You stole it." "What!" The tramp sprang up and stood ready to catch them if they tried to run away. "It fell out of my pocket, and you stole it, and put that dog on to me." He pointed at Rags who was sniffing and snarling round him, and then turned and spoke to a crowd who was gathering to listen. "And when I was taking them for a walk my money fell



Everything seemed to happen in a hurry

through a hole in my pocket, and they snatched it and set their dog on me—their own father."

Suddenly he stopped, for a policeman was pushing his way through the crowd. There were a lady and gentleman behind him, and behind them was Uncle George.

Then everything seemed to happen in a hurry. The tramp vanished with the policeman after him. Uncle George exclaimed, "Here they are!" and the gentleman was carrying Hoity and the lady hugging Molly, when Moses rushed up with a bag full of jam-roll, asking what was the matter.

"This is their father and mother," Uncle George explained. "And you wait! I'll leather you when we get back!"

"No, don't, please," pleaded Molly. "He has been so good."

And the lady said don't, too, so Uncle George promised he wouldn't; and as he was anxious to get back to the show, they said good-bye; and made Moses take all the jam-roll.

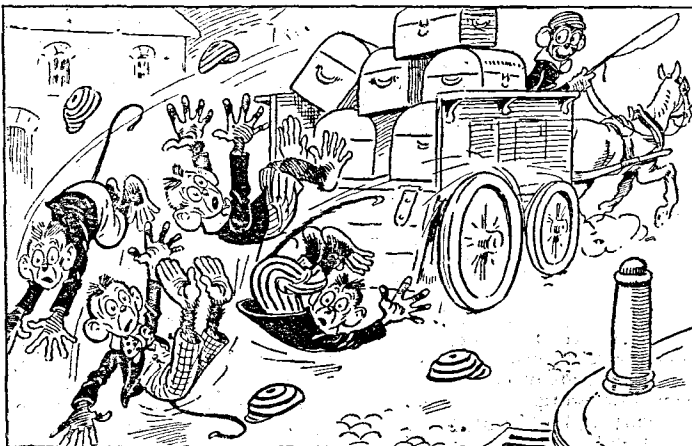
It was not till they were having dinner in the big hotel with their father and mother, and Rags snoozing under the table, that Hoity and Molly learned how it had all happened.

Directly their father and mother reached London, from Africa, they telegraphed to tell Aunt Humpty, but early next morning she telephoned to the hotel to say the children had run away to London. Then their father advertised for them in the papers; Uncle George saw the advertisement, but they ran away again while he had gone to bring their father to them.

"Well," continued Mother, "we did not know what to do. We were searching the streets when we saw the crowd in Trafalgar Square—and there you were. And you may keep Rags, but you must never, never run away again."

"We won't," said Hoity; and Molly, sitting on her mother's knee, whispered in her ear, "We shall never want to—now that you and Father are home."

THE END



Out shot the boys

Who Was She?

The Animal Painter

NEARLY a hundred years ago a young family of Jewish origin that lived at Bordeaux was noted for its artistic ability.

The eldest child, a daughter, had been put to dressmaking for a living, but she disliked the work very much, and her father, seeing that she had a gift for art, taught her the principles of painting.

Landscape and animal life interested her, and she was taken out into the open country as much as possible to develop her powers of observation and make her familiar with Nature.

When she was eighteen two small animal pictures painted by her were exhibited, but, though these were praised, no one thought that she had more than ordinary talent. Year after year she continued to paint, and many of her pictures were shown publicly, until at last people came to recognise in them the works of genius. Then, in 1850, a large painting excited great interest in Paris, and received the crowning honour for a French artist of being purchased for the famous Luxembourg Gallery.

Other pictures followed, and were exhibited in England, and soon the artist's reputation became world-wide. She was recognised as one of the greatest animal painters the world has ever seen.

In order to assist in her work she had a chamber adjoining her studio fitted up as a stable, and close by was a fold for sheep and goats. There she kept some fine animals to use as models.

She was somewhat eccentric in her behaviour, and generally dressed as a man, but this suited her masculine features and did not seem out of place.

Honours now flowed in upon her rapidly. She received the coveted first-class medal of the French Salon more than once, and was decorated with the Legion of Honour. Foreign kings sent her decorations, and national galleries all over the world competed for her pictures.

When she was 72 she painted a great picture of horses threshing corn, and this was sold for £12,000, a high price to be realised in an artist's lifetime. The work was the largest animal picture ever painted, and there are ten horses in it, all shown life size.

For some time before her death she used to hold a free drawing class, and take the greatest pains with all her pupils. She died at her home at Fontainebleau rather more than twenty years ago. Here is her portrait. Who was she?



Last Week's Name—Admiral Blake

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

February 21, 1920

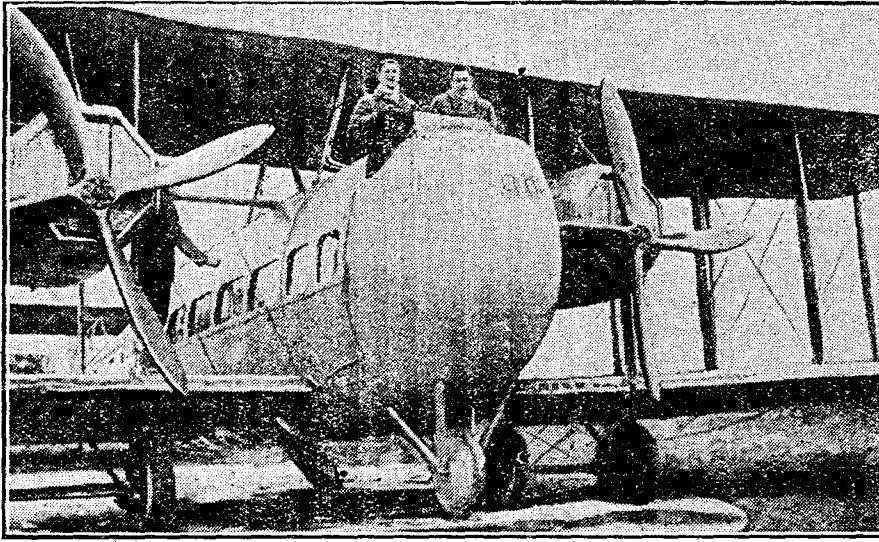
Every Friday, 1d.

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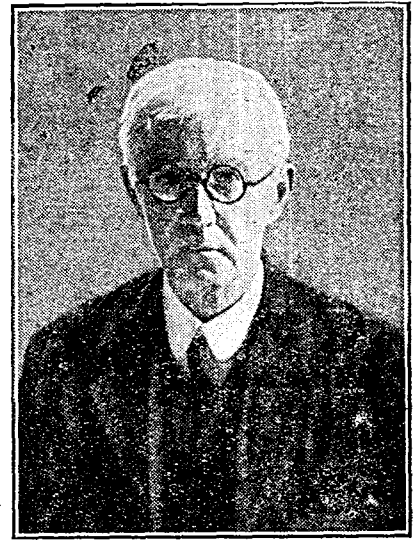
THE AFRICAN FLIGHT · THE STARVATION OF VIENNA · SUBMARINE SIGNPOST



Olive Simmonds, a brave girl guide, who has received a Humane Society medal for saving a soldier from drowning



The scientific flight through Africa from end to end—On the left, the fine Vickers-Vimy aeroplane in which five men are making the most important air journey yet undertaken; and on the right Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, secretary of the Zoo, the scientist of the expedition. The aeroplane is splendidly equipped with scientific instruments, and the cabin has armchairs and other conveniences. See pages 4 and 5



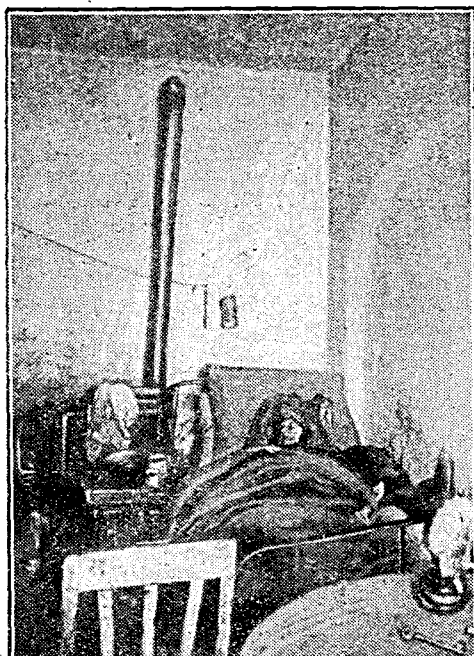
Solving the transport difficulty—These children find that Neddy is more comfortable for travel than crowded trains and buses



Out for a sail in the snow—One of the best winter sports in Norway just now is ski-ing by means of a sail. One sail does for two, and great speed can be got up



A secret of the War just revealed—The tell-tale arrow on a submarine-chaser, which pointed in the direction of hidden submarines



Starving in Vienna—Photograph of a rich lady in the hotel to which the war has brought her, sent by our correspondent. See page one



A family from a stranded liner—These little passengers had come safely all the way from Australia, when their ship, the Berrima, went ashore off Dover. The passengers were all landed



Gallant land girls at Marlow—Two horses ran away, but one fell, and while one girl sat on its head the other chased the second runaway and caught it